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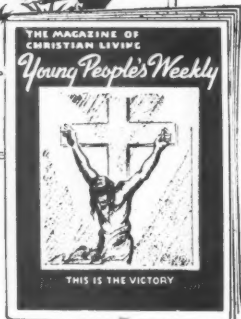
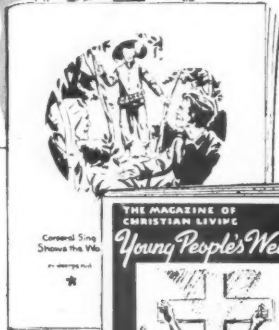
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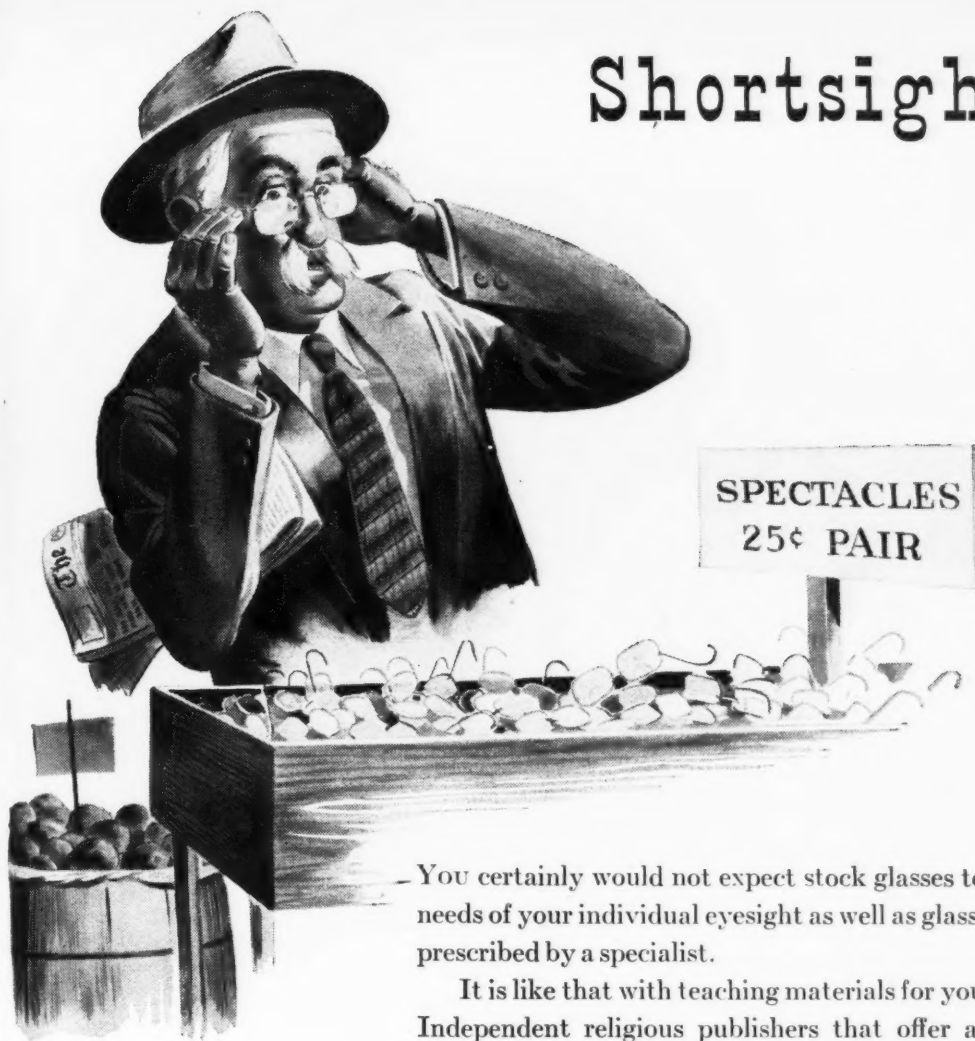
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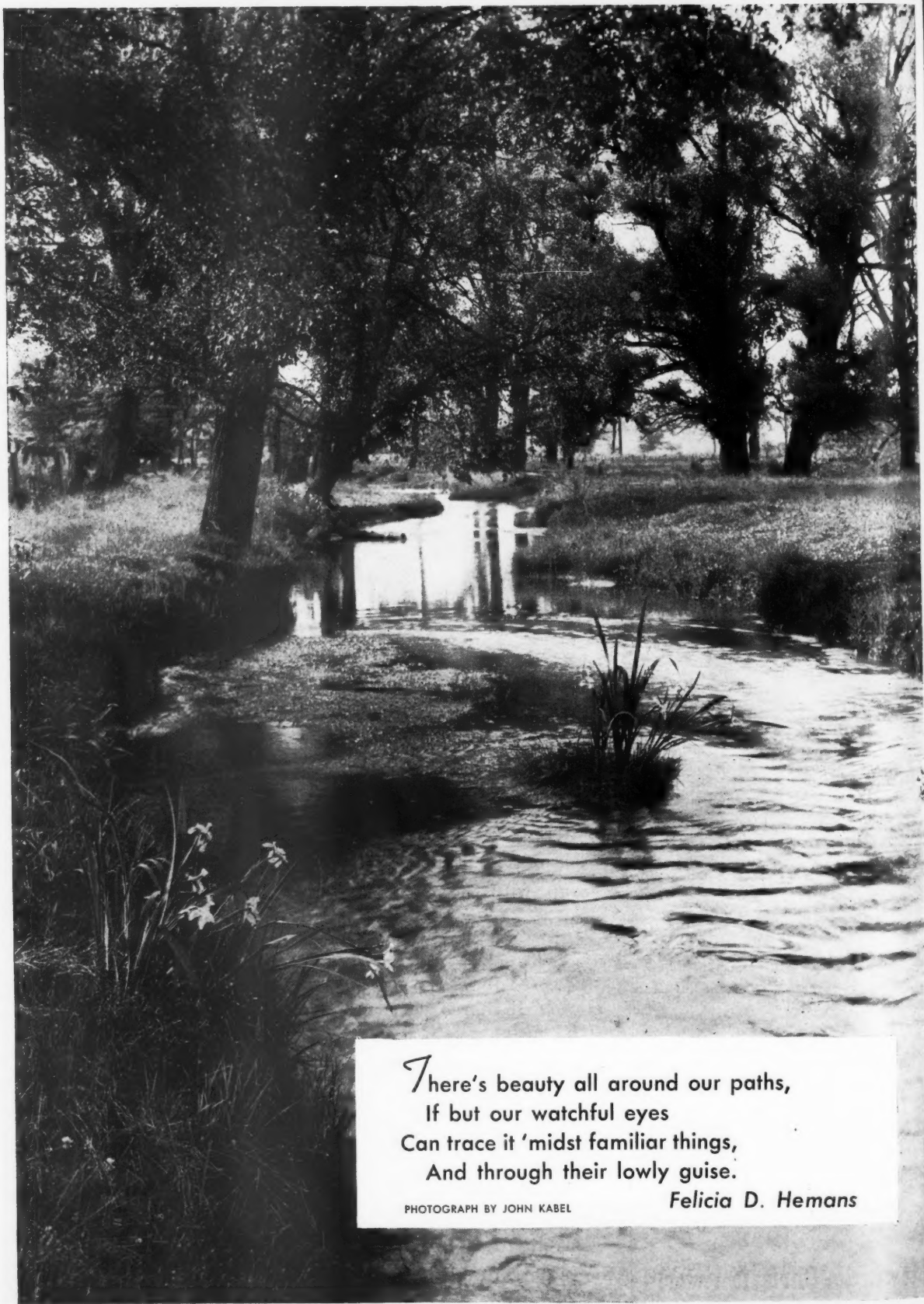
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CHRISTIAN Herald

SEPTEMBER, 1945

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DOCTOR POLING Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

Riding home from work last night from a New England war plant, I dangled from a strap because betting gamblers from the Suffolk Downs Race Track filled all the seats. Please tell me what Suffolk Downs does to aid the war effort? (From a Boston subscriber.)

Answer:

For eight successive racing days, bets placed at the Suffolk Downs track passed the million-dollar-mark daily and in this same period the Belmont Park track on Long Island in New York repeatedly topped three million dollars daily! My friend, the straphanger, has a real grievance. And how do you like it—this race-track gambling discrimination against civic, industrial, religious and patriotic gatherings? As an aid to the war effort and at the request of Washington, the Christian Endeavor Society and other religious organizations canceled state conventions and an international conference. Why? Because the attendance promised to pass 150 and thus to exceed the fifty-mark limit set by a Government agency.

But Suffolk Downs, at the height of troop movements from Europe, gambles its daily million and congests every means of transportation with race-track devotees. How many of these "patriots" left their machines and offices in wartime industries to swell the attendance and the betting totals, I do not know, but by no stretch of the imagination is Suffolk Downs or Churchill Downs or Belmont Park or Santa Anita speeding the return of boys from the Pacific. A shame it is—a shame that cries with patriotic fervor to high heaven—that to at least one bureau in Washington the gambler rates higher than the educator or the preacher, and the running horses and their betting patrons are given first consideration over the youth of America!

P. S. Since writing the above, the wires carry the good news that race horses have

at last been denied the use of common carriers. This may close a few tracks, but others will remain open and gambling will continue.

Question:

What do you think of Michigan supplying the annual Governors' Conference at Mackinack Island, July 1-4, with an extra supply of liquor for official guests and visiting newsmen?

Answer:

With this question came a clipping in which it was stated that Chairman John P. Aaron of the Michigan State Liquor Control Commission had announced that the liquor quota of the Grand Hotel had been increased and the packaged liquor dealers would be given an increase of non-rationed liquor for the time of the meeting. He added that forty of the forty-eight state governors are expected at the conference. What I think coincides, I am sure, with what the one asking the question thinks. This liquor business assumes proportions to justify the conclusion that John Barleycorn is riding hard and fast for another fall.

Question:

The International Sunday School Lesson for April 29, 1945, was entitled "Temperance Lesson," but nothing about temperance appears. Where are we going to get downright temperance education?

Answer:

Many of our readers will disagree with the one asking the question. They believe that the lesson referred to was definitely a temperance lesson. However, I am forwarding the letter in which the question appears to the International Council of Religious Education.

Question:

In reading your recent editorial, I was caught by your description of the fields

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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, 16

overseas with the cattle grazing again. Does this mean that the first World War cemeteries have been neglected?

Answer:

No, they have not been neglected. Indeed as I saw them in France recently they are more beautiful now than they were 25 years ago. Isolated graves and graves in temporary cemeteries have long since been incorporated in the permanent burial places.

Question:

For three days after President Roosevelt's death, the music over the radio was an inspiration to people of all faiths. I believe that young and old would love such music if they had the same opportunity to become acquainted with it as they have become familiar with other types thrust upon us. Couldn't a movement be organized to bring better music more often to the American people?

Answer:

I have complete sympathy with this question. The musical programs referred to were an inspiration to the nation. An organized movement could do much to enrich radio music. Mrs. Gustav Ketterer of Philadelphia, a leader in women's and general civic affairs, has made public a suggestion similar to the one above.

Question:

I was drafted in 1942 and was assigned for several months in a conscientious objectors' camp, then received a medical discharge and have been classified 4F since that time. Now I have fallen in love with a young woman whom I hope to marry. She seems to love me a great deal, but she does not know of my stand on this question of fighting. Should I tell her, or run the risk of having someone else tell her?

Answer:

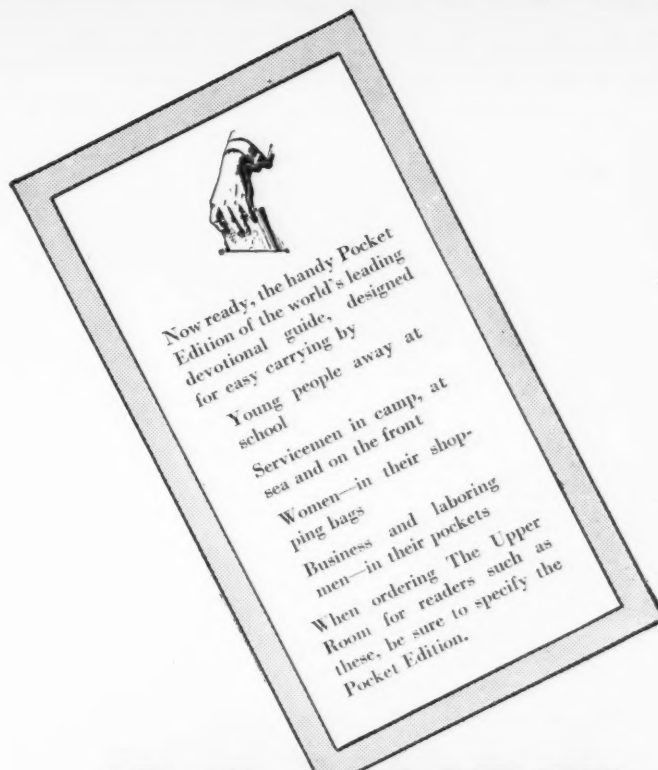
By all means, you should talk with your fiancée with complete frankness. You should not allow her to discover this matter through other people. If she truly loves you, she will accept you as you are.

Question:

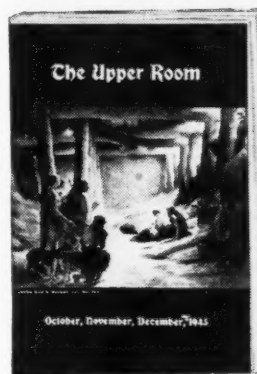
I am terribly troubled with a question. Is it possible to be completely lost after one has been born again?

Answer:

There is an ancient saying, "While the lamp do burn, the vilest sinner may return." That expresses my own conviction and faith. I do not believe that anyone, however far he travels in sin, ever gets beyond the grace of God in Jesus Christ. So long as "he will return," he may.



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© INTERNATIONAL NEWS

By U. S. Army order, all German prisoners of war in this country were shown movies of Nazi atrocities in the Reich. Here's how they reacted. The truth hurts!



ARMY: Discussing the size of the post-war Army of the United States, in Washington the other day, Senator Gurney (Republican, South Dakota), said that he thought we might easily reduce our land forces to five-hundred-thousand men, if the United Nations charter were ratified and put into effect.

Half a million men! That's a drop in the bucket, compared with what we were expecting, some few months back. Some experts have been talking about a standing army of from three to five million

AT HOME

STRIKES: The public is in for it. Strikes have been held to an unbelievable low all through the war years, but as the war approaches its end, labor is beginning to speak up. It has just spoken in New York City, where for two weeks John Citizen has been the real victim of the newspaper-carrier strike. It also spoke in Akron, where there were strikes in rubber—specifically, at Goodyear and Firestone. The future is a tinder-box.

Up to now, the Government has had a good club to hold over the head of labor: with a war on, the Government could take over the plants. But that threat passes with war's end. The Government has also had another weapon: the War Labor Board, and legislation aimed at preventing or mediating strikes. Both the latter seem to have failed. While the Government has been successful in "cracking down" on management, it has had little or no success when it tried to crack down on labor. That, of course, is due to the overwhelming power labor has been able to develop in economic and political circles. Labor now does what management *used* to do; the last has become first: the slave has become master—and when that happens, the slave is more than liable to prove more ruthless than the master.

PAGE 7 • CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1945



DIGEST OF THE MONTH

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT

Edited by Gabriel Courier.

Management—specifically, the railroads, banks, corporations, etc.—was stopped in its abuse of labor by a long series of regulatory laws. The same thing must happen to labor: there must come new laws to control the new abuse of power in labor's hands. Some disputes are more than the business of labor and management; control in such vital services as electricity and gas, transport, food, local fire and police departments are as much and more the concern of the public than of management and unions.

This editor happens to be *pro* labor unions. He thinks the union is the only real defense the workingman has. He believes in the right of the workingman to strike, and in the right of industry *not* to take a striker back, if industry doesn't want him. And he believes that the time must come when the Government will be given power to compel a settlement in industrial disputes—and when the Government will really "talk turkey" to the unions as well as to the managers. What's sauce for the goose...

men, and that didn't include the Navy or Marine Corps, either. That would have been expensive—an economic millstone around our national neck. Five-hundred-thousand will not cost much, comparatively speaking.

But—will five-hundred-thousand be enough for the job? We will need men for the islands of the Pacific which will fall into our hands, as outposts against another attack from the East. How far will five-hundred-thousand go, out there after we have made assignments of manpower to protect all the rest of our territory? It doesn't look like very much—*unless we make a contribution of American manpower, at the same time, to an international police force!*

If we do that, we may not even need the five-hundred-thousand!

NEW DEAL: Too few Americans seem to understand that there is a new New Deal being set up at Washington. Changes this month are highly indicative.

Out goes Harry Hopkins, the harness-maker's son from Iowa who came to hold more power than most kings, who was "boss of the Palace Guard" in the Roosevelt era. Out, and into a civilian job as boss of New York's garment industry, at \$25,000 a year. That suggests that Mr. Hopkins has ability. Lest we forget, and however our political loves and hatreds fall, Harry Hopkins it was who hurried to Russia and saved the San Francisco Conference. Posterity if not the current-day newspaper will give

Is President Truman a "spoilsman?" Many think he is. Many others see him breaking gradually with the Democratic past, cleaning out slowly the last of the old-line leftists of the party, and setting up a new and more "partyish" regime which will be hard for the Republicans to beat. The Republican National Chairman said a week or so ago: "It's still the New Deal we have to beat in 1946." Which New Deal? The old one is going, going, gone. The targets the Republicans have shot at for years are no more!



Duffy in the Baltimore Sun

"SPECTER OVER EUROPE"

him credit for that.

Mr. Truman wrote Mr. Hopkins in warm appreciation of his long public service—and accepted his resignation. A few days later, sensitive and Rooseveltian Henry Morgenthau resigned, too; Mr. Truman was sorry to see him go, but . . . he accepted the resignation and appointed Kentucky's highly able Frederick Moore Vinson, director of the Office of War Mobilization, to the Treasury post.

Finally, into the seat of Secretary of State, Mr. Truman dropped James Francis Byrnes. It was delectable vengeance for "Jimmy" Byrnes; he had been passed by more than once by Mr. Roosevelt and the old New Dealers. Byrnes, we believe, will stage a housecleaning of his own in the State Department.

COURIER'S CUES: Washington said to be studying "terms" for Japanese, short of unconditional surrender. This *may* bring peace before '46 . . . Cuba has a desperate drought, which means even more desperate sugar shortage for the U.S. . . . Secretary Ickes, rumored to resign soon, has been fiercely critical of newspapers; he is being besieged with offers to write a newspaper column! . . . Lockheed's new super-speed jet propelled fighter, the P-80, does over 500 miles per hour; in level flight it can reach 600 . . . Watch Burma as the testing-ground for future British imperial policy . . . Those in the know say cut-back on war production may reach 50 percent within next six months . . . And that's all for now.

ABROAD

BOMB: The atomic bomb is here; it is the ultimate of war. News of its actual production and use falls upon the ears of all mankind with an unbelief quite akin to that which must have swept the citizens of Japan when Hiroshima took the first one to drop from the sky.

It is almost unbelievable that this small bomb (we are told the warhead weighs but twenty-five pounds) could hold the concentrated fury of 20,000 tons of TNT—but it does! The basic power of the universe has been released, and its release means the greatest revolution in history. It will affect drastically future politics and international relations.

It also means a revolution beyond human comprehension in the pursuits of peace. Here is a power for industry that staggers the imagination! Coal, oil, gasoline *may* become useless as dirt, if this atomic thrust is enslaved to do the work of man—and why not?

One step remains to be taken. *This unbelievable power must be concentrated in the hands of good men.* In the hands of immoral or indecent or unspiritual men, we are doomed. The scientist has done his utmost with the material; now the spiritual must so elevate the character of man that he will employ it in the work of peace; not in the fiendish work of war. The choice is upon us now: we shall have with this energy either chaos or God.

FINALE: Japan is afire as we go to press. The Yankee Navy is within ten miles of her shores, blasting away at factories and airfields visible from the decks of the American ships. Overhead the fearful fleets of bombers and fighters range almost unopposed; if the Japanese are "hoarding" their defense air-power, they had better produce it while they still have something left to defend. It looks like the beginning of the end, but General ("Hap") Arnold, chief of our airmen, says the little men of Nippon will be fighting in 1946. From the way it looks now to the civilian, it ought to be all over before that. The civilian can't get over the news that nearly 10,000 Japanese *surrendered* on Okinawa.

What will be done with Japan when the end does come is undoubtedly being talked over thoroughly by the Big Three at Potsdam. In the fury of battle, a thousand forms of fierce vengeance are promised the Nipponese—of which few if any will be carried out. It isn't in us to grind a defeated enemy's face in the dust. And we have learned something from the Russian treatment of the Germans. In Germany, the American has been the stern disciplinarian; the Russian has shown a desire to be so kindly toward the German that the German will be-

come a candidate Communist! We may take a leaf out of the Russian book when Japan capitulates.

This much is sure: the brunt of Japanese hatred will be upon our American heads in the post-war era. Russia entered the war at the last moment; Britain did not bring all her armed force against the Japanese.

It was an American plane that dropped the first atomic bomb; those were American B-29's that wrought the first real havoc on the Japanese homeland. It was the American fleet that battered Japan's coast. It was the Yanks who burned the land, and the Nipponese will never forget it.

The Russian will be in a better position to shake hands with Japan at war's end than we will, and so will the British. In the mind of the Japanese, *we* are the real beasts of the war! It will take some diplomacy to overcome that.

BERLIN: A Nazi veteran in occupied Germany listened silently to a mob of Germans telling their American conquerors that they were never Nazis; that they hated the Russians and they just loved the Americans. When he could stand no more of it, he tapped an American newspaper man on the shoulder and said bitterly:

"You Americans are children. You believe everything. We have been educated to say these things . . . And remember this: the French will hate us. The Russians will use us. The British will ignore us. And the Americans will help us. Mark my words."

We will mark them—for just what they are worth. It may work out that way. If it does—what of it? What would this German *like* us to be? Does he laugh at our "childishness" because he wants us to be ruthless? Would he prefer to see us building a chain of Hitlerian concentration camps across his country, or cooperating in an effort to help him get to his feet? Would he rather have us tigers than children?

The argument leaves us cold. We're getting a little tired of the jibe, coming from so many different sections of Europe, that we Americans are soft, gullible children. We'd much prefer to be that than to be a lot of cold-blood, lustful military animals forever strutting around with a chip on our shoulder, waiting for someone to say something we didn't like so we could declare war and grab his land. If we may be pardoned the language, we'd rather be suckers than assassins.

BONES: This is no book-review column; Dr. Poling takes care of that, but he agrees that mention of Lord Vansittart's new book, *Bones of Contention*, may belong here as well as in his column. The fire-eating Englishman holds forth

boldly for a hard peace for the Germans; he also holds that "The Germans are savage to a degree almost inconceivable to anyone who has not had actual experience of them, and are a people born to deceit." He wants a hard peace for the German *people* as well as the German warriors and Nazis. The whole nation, he feels, is guilty: "In Poland, Russia, Yugoslavia, Greece, France, brave men and women defied alike Gestapo and German army. In the teeth of seemingly hopeless odds they took to the hills and forests . . . Were there no hills or forests in Germany?"

We are distrustful of Vansittartism. This is the attitude that breeds war. We believe the German people no more deceitful than, for instance, the British

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Newsflaff of the Month

GENERAL EISENHOWER was given the freedom of the City in London. Just what does *that* mean?

It means that the General has been granted two ancient and honorable privileges, guaranteed by ancient statute:

1. He cannot be arrested for drunkenness within the city limits.
2. If convicted of murder, he may be hanged in special robes!

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

imperialists who deliberately fought two opium wars with China in order to get hold of Hong Kong, or those Americans who deliberately instigated a revolution in Latin America in order to get a Panama Canal. But we do agree with him when he says that the German people, at least those German people who did not want Nazism, might have tried the forests and the hills.

Vansittart would make Germany weak as water. He would divide and dismember. But—will this give us a stable Europe? And will the next generation, which knew not this war, be as determined as we are to keep Germany impotent? Is it barely possible that Germany could be left strong in order that she might still have some self-respect, and yet not strong enough to do what she has done in 1870, 1914 and 1939?

STATUS: At the head of the long conference-table sat His Excellency Field Marshal the Right Honorable Viscount Wavell; in him rested the might and glory of an Empire upon whose boundaries the sun in the heavens never sets. Around the table sat 21 others—Hindus, Moslems of a thousand different political, social and religious complexions. They sat at Simla. They talked of

freedom for India. They got nowhere, for the simple reason that the man at the head of the table was a unit, while the 21 others seemed split 21 ways; they couldn't agree as to what they wanted, or when. They may agree yet, even before we get this report to the printer. We doubt it.

Britain has pledged her word (through Lord Cripps) that India should have self-government when the war is over. Wavell wants England to keep that word. He would give all posts in India's Executive Council (except Defense) to Indians. Dominion status for India is the dream of his life. But—the Moslems in India say Wavell's proposal doesn't exactly suit them, yet; it might give the Hindus a voting majority over the Moslems in the Council, and the Moslem is wary of that.

Of course, on a population basis, the Moslem *should* be outvoted. But neither the Moslems nor any of the rest of us want to be the underdog in government. The tragedy in India lies in the fact that unless Moslem and Hindu can manage somehow to get together, they will both go on being underdogs to the British overlord.

The British are smart; they are patiently biding their time while the Hindu-Moslem corridor conferences go on and on and on. The British feel they can wait. Perhaps they can—and perhaps not. All the East is astir; none of Asia will ever be the same again as it was before this war began. Asiatics will not be quiescent; they will not bow meekly. The day when the white man could rule with a tiny swagger-stick is gone. Now, they want the freedom and equality for which (the white man said) this war was fought.

We believe dominion status will come, soon, to India. It *must* come.

CHURCH NEWS

TRUTH: The last thing in the world we want to do in this department is to stir up any anti-Catholicism; we believe in understanding, not in prejudice. But there is still, in this world, a quality known as truth, and that is a quality which may be even more important than even understanding or tolerance. So . . .

In the Roman Catholic throw-away, "Our Sunday Visitor," we find a cartoon which is supposed to be an answer to the atheist statement (written into the cartoon) that "Religion is a detriment to intellectual development." Described in the cartoon as "Catholics All!" are two names that made our hair curl: Copernicus and Galileo!

The Roman Church claims Copernicus and Galileo as good Catholics. In the name of heaven, *why?* Yes, Copernicus

was not ex-communicated for teaching (in defiance of the Roman Church) that the sun and not the earth was the center of the universe, and we have seen Galileo's tomb in the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence. But if ever an idea took a brutal, benighted beating from the Roman Catholic Church, Copernicus' idea took it. Galileo, who championed the Copernican theory, served time in the dungeons of the Inquisition for *daring* to stand against the Church (still battling valiantly against the light!) and he was beaten to his knees and forced to say he was wrong! An old man of 69, he is reported to have hissed, when he arose, "Nevertheless, it (the earth) moves!"

Pardon us for giving all this space to two men dead so long. We're not so much interested in them as we are in . . . telling the truth. The truth is that organized religion, as we had it in their day in the Roman Church, was one of the most ruthless enemies of intellectual development that this world has ever seen.

Truth is still truth. Let's stick to it.

SECURITY: Some little discussion was roused among our readers by the little item on preachers' salaries (June issue), and some of the letters received at our office convince us that there are many besides editors who would like to see something done about it. Now comes the report (for 1944) of the Church Pension Fund of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In '44 this Church led all Protestantism in paying 2500 retired ministers, widows and orphans a total of \$1,414,377 in pension money.

Under the Episcopalian plan, every minister at 68 may retire on an annuity equal to 1¼ percent of his average salary. (Average salary right now is \$3,000.) Average retirement annuity is \$915. This is the best in Protestantism—and we submit that it is still tragically low.

Step up, all ye who would like to retire, in these times, on \$915 a year!

PROGRESS: The wheels of reconstruction machinery have started grinding in Germany; every morning's newspaper brings evidence of that. Most interesting to us is the rapid unfolding of a new pattern in the field of religion. The Nazi-sponsored "German Christian" church is dead beyond resurrection; scarier than hen's teeth are men or women who will admit membership in that farcical ecclesiastical organization aimed at the German Evangelical Church. Dead too is "Hitler Youth," which sabotaged German religious education in the Nazi heyday. Two evil beasts have been destroyed.

Reports reach us of the work of a spectacular new youth leader among the Germans—a 21-year-old named Linneman, who conducted an underground youth movement all through the years of hor-

ror. He is going after boys from 10 to 14; he plans a drive on boys 15 to 18, later. His headquarters are in Christ Church at Freiburg-im-Bresgau. He is sponsoring weekly meetings, emphasizing Bible study, all over Germany.

Professor Gunther Dehn, associated with Bishop Wurm of Wurttemberg, tells us that Germans are recognizing their war guilt. Says he: "The German people in 1945 recognizes its faults. We could, of course, say, 'It's the Party's fault,' but we were responsible because we allowed the Party to continue."

That is what we'd call getting some-



Remember this coat-lapel button. You will see many of them—13 million to be exact—in the months to come. They stand for honorable service to our Country and will be worn by all men and women honorably discharged from the armed forces. The one who wears this button has served you well and helped protect the things you love—your home, your family, your freedom.

~~~~~  
where. Here is religion working from both ends toward the middle right in the heart of Germany: adults confessing their war guilt, and youngsters trained in the Nazi kindergarten starting a new training in the Church.

It may just be, after all, that these Germans will take care of their own re-education.

**RECOGNITION:** No little ado was heard in this country when the San Francisco Conference voted to admit Argentina into the United Nations organization. Molotov of Russia got many a journalistic pat on the back when he stood almost alone to oppose it, and good Yankees began to wonder whether there wasn't to be some "selling down the river" at San Francisco after all. The argument is still hot.

Now comes Bishop Arthur F. Wesley, Methodist leader in Argentina, suggesting that the Conference was really wise in admitting the Nazified bad boy to the

south of us. He claims that the recognition will have most favorable repercussions among the democratic elements in the South American country who are looking for "a new day in their own government." And Bishop Wesley should know.

The Bishop, pleading for cooperation between Catholics and Protestants, also said that Protestant progress in South America was spurring Catholics to greater social action down there, benefiting not only the Catholic Church but the people of Latin America as well. Ward College, a Methodist school in Buenos Aires, was reported by the Bishop to have more than 1,000 students—of whom about 90 percent are nominally Catholic.

**CONSCRIPTION:** The fight over peacetime conscription in the United States is about over, according to Washington wise men. They say that the measure will be reported out of committee soon; that the *committee* will be favorable; Congress will react unfavorably, and do nothing—not this year, at least.

The Congressional answer to questioners runs about like this: "Yes, we approve of peacetime military training in principle; we want the nation prepared, but . . . the people, you see, aren't ready for it yet . . . we'd better go slow . . . better wait until the shooting with the Japanese is over . . . better not plunge at this time . . ." And so on, ad infinitum.

Prominent in this defeat was the American Church. That Church saw many of its leaders outspokenly in favor of peacetime conscription, but it is also true that a considerable number of the churchmen of this country, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, were opposed. Opposed, at least, to the point of calling for delay. They wanted to wait until after the war, and it looks as though their wish were granted.

**SCHOOL:** Come September first, the strangest school in the history of Protestantism will get under way under the guidance of the renowned "Sam" Shoemaker of New York's Calvary Church. It will be a "clerical internship" school; its students will be young ministers between graduation from seminary and their first church assignment; its purpose will be to train the young minister in all kind and manner of parish routine before he takes over a parish of his own or assignment under an established minister.

We like it. Theological students fresh out of seminary are often too fresh; they stand badly in need of having the rough spots ironed out, the ugly corners rounded off. Many a parish has suffered through the early days of an embryo minister, paying heavily as he gained an experience which he promptly applied somewhere else!



## TEMPERANCE

**PUBLICITY:** We quote from a Hollywood movie gossip column: "Lunched with Charlie Brackett. He told a funny one. In "Double Indemnity" a line of dialogue mentioned a certain brand of bourbon. When the picture was shown, the director and the producer each received a case of that brand of whisky. When "Duffy's Tavern" started, the producer received a note: "Don't you think it is about time to insert a charming bit of dialogue about our bourbon?" But when "The Lost Weekend" started, the same firm wrote: "Please do us a favor. Don't mention our whisky."

"Lost Weekend" pictures the miseries of a man on a prolonged spree. No wonder! Looks as though all the hypocrites were not yet dead.

**PERCENTAGE:** The American Business Men's Research Foundation reported some time back that in the city of Sacramento, California, there were sixty-nine cocktail bars and only thirty-three churches. That made Sacramento look bad. But now comes a report on the city of St. Paul, to wit:

|                          |     |
|--------------------------|-----|
| Beer parlors.....        | 182 |
| Liquor stores.....       | 249 |
| Total.....               | 431 |
| Protestant churches..... | 216 |
| Catholic churches.....   | 45  |
| Jewish churches.....     | 14  |
| Total.....               | 275 |

Is this typical of *your* town?

**ADVERTISING:** Returns in a recent survey from 300 radio broadcasting stations in forty-seven states show that less than five percent of the stations are accepting booze advertising whenever it is offered. Slightly over seventy percent refuse to accept hard liquor advertising of any kind. Better than 19½ percent of the commercial stations refuse even to advertise wines or beer.

There was also a tendency on the part of many of the stations to reject educational programs dealing with the effects of drinking, as "too controversial." There's a trend that will bear watching. We've been hearing more than a little, of late, from temperance agencies denied the very air that is more easily reached by the liquor industry. Sam Morris from Texas is an example: down there, an attempt is even being made to keep a class on temperance off the air!

But on the whole, it looks as though the radio stations themselves were getting suspicious of the value of liquor advertising. When they understand the harm it does, it will stop.

# WHEN THE WAR ENDS

HOW will they Read?

WHAT will they Read?

The great problem of illiteracy—the world's greatest blight today—will be a first order of business for every Government as soon as the war is over. And thanks to a new and ingenious method devised by a devoted Christian missionary, millions will be learning to read so quickly, and with such comprehension, it will seem almost like a miracle.

But what will these millions be reading? Will they read political dogmas or religious doctrines of antagonistic ways of life? Or shoddy tales of human frailties? OR will their reading be the World's Greatest Book—the Holy Bible—the Christian Gospel of good-will toward all men—the way of life which has stood the test of centuries! IT'S UP TO YOU!

Yes, every Christian has a responsibility that cannot be avoided, a challenge that must be met.

Fortunately, the tools to do this great

work are already at hand. The Bible has been translated and printed in the languages of the great masses—1062 in all, including Braille for the blind. The American Bible Society is ready, able and eager to act for you in publishing and distributing the Scriptures. Much hard work has been done, but much more remains. Funds are urgently needed and the appeal is to YOU.

The American Bible Society welcomes outright gifts from individuals or organizations. For those desiring to give and receive at the same time, the Society offers an Annuity Agreement, which thousands have found provides a generous income while gratifying a spiritual longing to do good for mankind throughout the world.

Today—right now—fill out the coupon below and you will receive full details of the Annuity Plan by return mail—no obligation, of course.

**Send the coupon NOW!**

AN  
INCOME  
ASSURED

American Bible Society,  
Bible House, New York 22, N. Y.

- ☐ Please send me, without obligation, your booklet CH-6 entitled "A Gift That Lives."
- ☐ I enclose \$..... for the world-wide distribution of the Scriptures wherever need exists.

Name.....

Address..... Denomination.....

City..... State.....

# CHRISTIAN *Herald*

»»»»»»»»»» SEPTEMBER, 1945

## HAVE YOU TRIED TO GET SUGAR FOR CANNING?

**T**HE question of sugar rationing and of beer vs. soft drinks in the Army is a major issue right now with CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. What are the facts and why?

One of my correspondents quotes the following paragraph from her son's letter, written in Italy: "We got our PX rations today and there was one bottle of 'coke' per man. Bottled in Italy, it is rather poor. In comparison, each man received 15 bottles of beer brewed in the States." My correspondent quotes an Associated Press dispatch announcing the opening of three breweries in the Mediterranean theatre which will produce for American soldiers at the rate of forty thousand 12-ounce bottles a day. The same two brewers who did the job for Americans at Naples and Algiers will again handle the beer-making.

I quote now from a naval chaplain's letter: "We are back in the States for repairs. Recently we went to a large supply depot to take on ammunition and supplies. The first thing we took aboard were cases of beer. I have men who never drank before they entered the Navy—three of them preachers' sons. They drink now primarily because it is beer or thirst. Not long ago, while on a Pacific island, another ship sent over some 'coke'; fellows on my ship traded three cans of beer for one bottle of the soft drink. How come?"



From Clinton N. Howard, Superintendent of the International Reform Federation, I have these latest internal revenue figures on the consumption of sugar and syrups in beer. Everywhere there is a sugar shortage. Bakeries have been cut and drinkers of hot beverages inconvenienced. Even home canning has been seriously curtailed and children's candy stocks are disappearing. Right here let it be noted that Cuba and Puerto Rico, from which come heavy sugar supplies, now divert the staple product to rum and inferior confectionaries which are exported to America. Our confectionary imports amounted to \$1,166,000 in 1942. In 1944 they reached \$39,421,000 and there is an indicated total of more than \$60 million for the calendar year of 1945.

The brewers' consumption of sugar and syrups in 1941 was 135,531,375 pounds; in 1944, 183,936,092 pounds. Summer soft drinks are *cut 30%* for lack of sugar. While beer production for 1944 reached an all-time high of 85 million barrels! Also, those who insist that beer builds morale in the armed forces face the disillusioning fact that only 15% of this total went to the armed forces. Why is beer the one "sacred cow" of wartime America?

My personal observation confirmed the naval chaplain's testimony that men prefer "coke" to beer—the commanding officer on a hospital ship in Brisbane told me that, a beer drinker himself, he fought for soft drinks because almost invariably his patients preferred them.

This beer business with the attendant sugar shortage for civilian requirements that both directly and indirectly affect our total war effort, is the imperative business of the American community. What are we going to do about it? What are *you* going to do about it? CHRISTIAN HERALD invites your answer. Also we suggest that you send a copy of your answer to your United States Senators and to your Congressmen.

*Daniel A. Poling*

EDITOR

**DUE PLATFORM:** Christian Herald is a family magazine for all nominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, moral and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike life.

STATE  
CAPITOL  
ATLANTA,  
GEORGIA



By Daniel A. Poling

**G**OVERNOR ELLIS G. ARNALL of Georgia is a young man—a very young man to have traveled so far in the politics of his state and to have accomplished so much in public affairs. At 36 he has practiced law, served in the legislature, been elected attorney-general and established a record in the field of legislation never before equalled in the history of his or any other state.

Ellis Arnall has been described in this fashion: "He's short, round, genial—a sort of class-reunion type—the fellow who was voted 'most likely to succeed' and then crossed them up by doing it." Mrs. Arnall, a very lovely and gracious lady, was born in Orlando, Florida, so she is one of the "furriners."

**G**OV. ELLIS G. ARNALL OF GEORGIA IS A CHRISTIAN. HE SAYS, "A MAN WITHOUT RELIGION IS WITHOUT TOO MUCH! IN A BAFFLING WORLD HE WILL BE BAFFLED. FOR ME, RELIGION IS CHRISTIANITY, THOUGH I REGARD AND HONOR EVERY MAN'S FAITH."

that former Governor Talmadge dedicated his life to removing, but all who have met her are of a mind to keep her right where she is for at least the present term! Speaking of terms, when I asked the governor whether he thought his administration to date had strengthened him for re-election, he smiled and said, "I don't know. More. I don't care. In my attitude toward these measures, in my own thinking, I have been and am a one-term governor. The man who gets his thoughts mixed up at this point doesn't amount to much. I want to get the things done now that should be done. So far as I am concerned, the future will take care of itself. Personally, selfishly, I'll be better off out of politics."

When the Arnalls moved in, the new occupant wrote this note to the old: "Thank you, governor, for leaving the mansion so neat and clean." Yes, definitely, Ellis Arnall has a sense of humor. With a twinkle in his eye, he said to me, "I know that





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"He's short, round, genial—a sort of class-reunion type—the fellow who was voted 'most likely to succeed' and then crossed them up by doing it." Gov. Ellis G. Arnall of Georgia.



the war between the states is over—and we all better know it!"

The Arnalls have a small son. In one speech the governor startled his audience by saying, "I want my boy to have an education: I want him to be a millionaire; I want him to be President of the United States." And then he grinned and added, "And I want just that for your boy, and for every other man's boy." In other words, this man is an individualist. He believes in the American way and that the American way is opportunity.

Within a month after his election every one of his ten cam-

paign promises had been accepted by the state legislature, accepted and written into laws. Here is a record achievement. And there is something more: every vote of the legislature was unanimous. This is not an achievement—it is a miracle!

Among the reforms already instituted under the Arnall administration are:

- 1) A constitutional provision lowering the voting age in Georgia to 18;
- 2) Establishment of a teacher retirement system;
- 3) Measures providing for academic freedom in the schools and colleges;
- 4) Prison reform;
- 5) The enactment of the first soldier voting law liberalizing voting requirements so that the men in service could easily participate in Georgia elections;
- 6) Abrogation of the poll tax;
- 7) A new and modern constitution for the state.

On the administrative side, Governor Arnall has reduced the debt of the State of Georgia from thirty-six million dollars to six million dollars; next year Georgia will be debt free for the first time in history.

To be sure, Governor Arnall had behind him the administrations of Eugene Talmadge, which in every field—political, economic, social and educational—were among the most reactionary in the history of state governments. But these campaign pledges of Unanimous Arnall (he's called that now) were denials of just about everything that an average state legislature holds precious.

I have just come from Georgia. I've heard the story from the lips of the governor himself, a story that has been confirmed by Georgia's preachers, businessmen, educators and young people. Even so, I am still dazed by it all. The legislators who passed the bills were very largely the old-timers who followed Talmadge, and Talmadge himself, in his best form, was everywhere in the State House trying to defeat his successor!

The best answer that I have for my question, "How did you do it?" is Governor Arnall's own answer. He said, "The people generally are more liberal and more intelligent than their leaders. My campaign was based on that assumption—the assumption that all I had to do was believe in the people, give them a reasonable, honest, patriotic program and then, if elected, keep my pledges."

Well, the formula worked. It is still working. Ellis Arnall swept the state in the election and in a few short months has taken Georgia from the nation's low in public affairs to just about the head of the line. Public education has been lifted from the custody of ignorant partisanship, a partisanship that embarrassed and shamed some of the nation's worthiest educators. Right now Georgia is paying 53 cents of the taxpayer's dollar for education. I think that this makes her first in the field.

The repeal of the poll tax is a landmark for progressive Southern leadership, though Governor Arnall calls attention to the fact that the passage of that bill had more to do with throttling a venal political leadership in the counties of the state than with racial matters. Politicians paid the poll tax for those they wanted at the polls, and that was that!

Some of Georgia's debt went back to 1838, when Georgia built her railroad from Atlanta to Chattanooga. Said Ellis Arnall: "Paying that debt is important; to get the job done now is vital if we are to be ready for the post-war period."

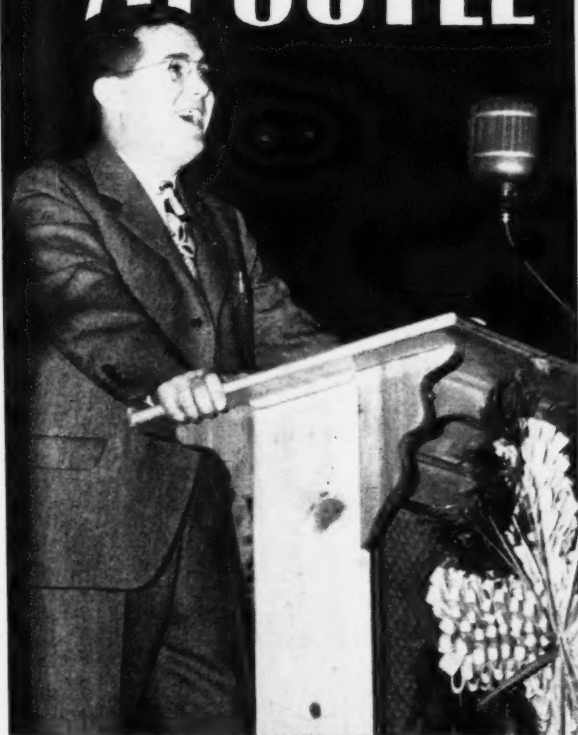
This young man is tremendously interested in the post-war period, and he has a great faith in post-war youth. Georgia was the first state to implement the soldier's vote, and Georgia men in uniform cast the highest percentage of this vote in the last national election. The governor has been criticized because of his promise, now written into law, which places the vote in the hands of the 18-year-olds. "They're old enough to fight and die," he said, "and my experience convinces me that their intelligence and patriotism (Continued on page 55)



# APOSTLE

# to Youth

By FRANK S. MEAD



JACK WYRTZEN IN HIS PULPIT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.



THE WYRTZEN FAMILY IN AN INFORMAL POSE.

**Y**OUNG JACK WYRTZEN, ex-devil-may-care trombonist in a cavalry band, stood on a Brooklyn curb half scared to death. He'd been converted a week ago, and at this street-meeting he was to give his first public testimony. His friend George Schilling was introducing the speakers one by one to the curious crowd; like the crack of doom came: "And now we'll hear from Jack Wyrzten."

Wyrzten (aged 18, that night) stepped out into the circle, took off his hat, gulped and stammered, "Therefore, if any

man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature." That was all he could manage. He shrunk back into the crowd, hiding, wondering if he was much of a new creature, after all.

That was in October of 1931. One night last September I watched Jack Wyrzten on a platform in Madison Square Garden holding 20,000 *young* people in the hollow of his hand in a religious service four hours long. No veteran mass-meeting evangelist ever did a better job. He did a repeat performance a few months later; thousands stood in the streets outside, unable to get in. He packs New York's famous Carnegie Hall every Saturday night with anywhere from two to three thousand young people; some nights they lock the doors at 7:30, so get there early if you want to get in. He's had 3,000 in Chicago, 4,000 in Philadelphia, 5,000 in Boston, we don't know how many thousands in the service camps.

As we go to press, he is organizing 250 "Word of Life" rallies within 250 miles of New York City to be conducted by ten gospel teams during the month of September; on the seventh of this month, he will take 4,500 young people on an evangelistic boat-ride up the Hudson; he will move into the Garden again on the 29th, for the fifth anniversary of "Word of Life," and he is getting ready for a strictly children's service in the morning with 20,000 attending, for a choir rehearsal in the afternoon at which he expects 3,000 to limber up their vocal chords for the evening service, at which he will have 20,000. He isn't guessing about those figures; he's putting out good money to get ready for them, so he's sure. There may be other religious leaders around New York City getting ready for such thousands, but we haven't heard of them. There may be other preachers packing them in like this, but if there is we haven't met them.

Jack Wyrzten is the most successful preacher to modern youth in modern America. Successful, but not sensational. What he's done with youth he has done through a good solid combination of sweat and consecration. He does more work than any ten preachers I know. He stands five-foot nine and he weighs 185 and he's as tireless as the driveshaft on a locomotive. He's one of those fellows you'd never give an umbrella; he never stands in one place long enough to get rained on. Good looking, he dresses well, running to striped shirts and bright ties; he's easy to look at, and youth likes its preachers that way. He's a young leader of the young; he travels in no rut; he refuses to rusticate, to do the stereotyped. Words pour out of him like bullets out of a machine-gun. He has a laugh that can be heard around the block, and he has a way with young people.

Have you heard of "Youth For Christ"—of those unbelievable Saturday night mass-meetings for young people all over the country? There are anywhere from two hundred thousand to five hundred thousand *young* people listening to the Gospel in one or another of the 350 Saturday night youth rallies in the big cities of the country. A few weeks ago, 70,000 turned out for one rally at Soldier's Field, Chicago. While Wyrzten would never boast of it, these Saturday night rallies grew out of that weird performance in the Brooklyn street-meeting at which he stammered out his first testimony. It was Wyrzten who started this snowball rolling.

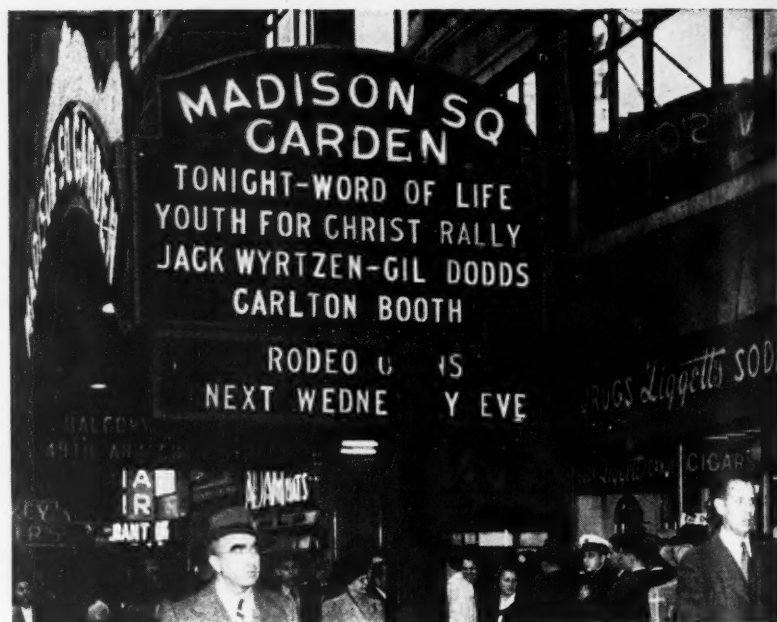
All he had to start with was faith—and enthusiasm. He had no college, no seminary—not even a high-school diploma, so far as education was concerned. Jack quit school in his teens to sell



insurance; he wrote policies by day and led his own dance orchestra by night; he burned the candle at both ends and he didn't give a hoot what anybody thought about it. He heard that a wild time was to be had in the 101st Cavalry band, so he joined up—a trombonist on horseback. George Schilling was already in that band, leading the boys a merry chase, living high, wide and handsome . . .

Suddenly, George got converted—much to Jack's amusement. Religion? That was for old women. George gave Jack a copy of the Gospel According to St. John—one of those little paper-bound things. Jack stuffed it into his pocket, forgot it completely until one night on a lonely station platform, rumaging through his pockets for cigarettes, he found it again, pulled it out, laughed out loud and tore the pages out of it one by one, to the tune of "She loves me, she loves me not." He told George Schilling what he'd done, hoping George would get mad, cuss, and forget his religion. George only said, "O. K. You tore it up. I'll give you another one."

George (he's a Baptist minister up in Middlebury, Vermont, today) was a persistent sort. He kept after Jack. Read St. John to him, and explained it. Took Jack over to the Bedford Branch YMCA in Brooklyn, to play at a gospel meeting. The water dripped on the rock, and the rock cracked; Jack gave in. He had one of those conversions you don't read much about, these days. He quit the band, read the Bible, organized Gospel Teams, changed his way of thinking and living. Percy Crawford convinced him that he should specialize in youth. So he went up into Times Square and opened a hall for young people's meet-



ings, on Saturday night.

Now Saturday night is off-night, for the average evangelist and churchman. There isn't much doing religiously. People said nothing much could be done on Saturday night. Especially with youth. Get bobby-soxers, on a week-end night? Don't be foolish. But Wyrzten said you could do it on Saturday night as well as on any other night, if you really had what youth wanted. If, as the kids put it, you had "something on the ball." They wouldn't come to a service that was just another church service. Had to be different. It was.

He started his "Word of Life" radio broadcast. The first night he had 250;

within four months' time he had a thousand a night. He took the air over WHN, and thousands of radio listeners waited for the electric announcement: "Word of Life! On the Air!" He has a coast-to-coast hookup now, and he short-waves it abroad. His broadcasts cost him \$3,000 a week. His Madison Square Garden rallies cost him better than \$12,000. He didn't have a dime in his jeans when he started and he has less now. He said the Lord would pay for it—and the Lord has.

His Word of Life broadcast is solid Gospel; nothing less, nothing more. He preaches the Bible as the Word of God,



COL. GEORGE S. CLARKE, HERO OF "PSALM OF BATAAN," SPEAKS.



GIL DODDS, THE RUNNER, CARLETON BOOTH, JACK WYRTZEN AT THE GARDEN "MIKE."



*It's not true that only a boxing match or a hockey game can fill the cavernous Madison Square Garden in New York. Jack Wyrzten jams it to the rafters and shuts the doors reluctantly on many more thousands wanting to come in. And all he offers is some music . . . and the Word of God. Opposite page above: Carleton Booth on the platform leads the enormous, white-clad all-girl choir. Below: Usually emblazoned with the names of pugilists or wrestlers, the Garden marquee takes on a spiritual aspect for the Word of Life rallies. Directly above: Seats and standing room exhausted in the mammoth Garden, these people were unable to get into a recent rally.*

with strong emphasis on sin, the Blood of Christ for cleansing, heaven, hell and the second coming of Christ. There is nothing flashy or sensational about it. He gives no box of chocolates to the best-looking girl in the crowd, no crate of oranges to the man coming the longest distance. He detests that kind of claptrap. He goes in for straight Gospel, and he packs them in. And they are young.

Carleton Booth leads off with a hymn by the all-girl choir (he had an all-girl choir of 4000 in the Garden). He commutes to New York from Providence, Rhode Island, every Saturday night to handle Wyrzten's music. A few hymns, a few solos, a few short announcements. And a talk by Wyrzten, never more than fifteen minutes long; that's enough, if you've got it to say—which he has. Then he calls for decisions. Asks them to stand up. There is no "coming to the

altar," for the simple reason that there is no altar in Carnegie Hall. Once on their feet, they are led to consultation rooms by the ushers. Again the plan of salvation is explained to them; addresses are taken, there is prayer, and they go home.

There are from forty-five to ninety conversions, or decisions, every night. Recently, Wyrzten piled up a total of 600 decisions in a ten-day campaign. At the Garden 1140 were won.

The converts are "followed up"; eight stenographers on his staff handle 3,000 to 5,000 letters a week, and three full-time workers are employed to do nothing but personal follow-up work. They see that the right literature reaches the convert; copies of "The New Man" and "The New Girl" are given out immediately; the "New One" is enrolled in a Bible correspondence course; it has to be by correspondence, because the New Ones come from all over the country.

There are courses of instruction lasting over a period of two years. Yes, some drift away. Wyrzten is frank to admit they don't all stick. Out of every 100 converted anywhere, he says, you can count on about twenty-five at the end of the year. But enough of them have stuck to require a full-time staff of ten at headquarters. Abroad, they have sent eighteen missionaries, which makes Word-of-Life global.

We wondered why the ministers in the churches couldn't do this follow-up. They could, but they don't. Wyrzten tried having the preachers do it, but results were so poor that he gave it up. Jack once talked four boys right up to the gates of the Kingdom of God, on a street-corner down South; forced to leave town on an early train, he wrote the local preacher, asking him to take care of the four, and to get them into the church and keep them there. A year later he wrote the preacher again, asking him how the four were doing. "Never saw anything of them," replied the parson. "I think I sent them postal cards, asking them to come to church, but—they never came." Naturally, they never came. Maybe that's one reason why there are so few young people in church.

Now I suppose there are a lot of holes in the Wyrzten technique. There are critics galore who could go to those Carnegie Hall meetings and point out exactly what's wrong with them. There are any number of well-placed preachers and youth workers in this country busily engaged in trying to laugh off this whole Youth-For-Christ business as "Sensational! Shallow! It can't last!" The only trouble with that is that it has lasted for fourteen years, or ever since Wyrzten first got the idea. You just don't laugh off success.

Of course, the organized Church has had some little success with mass evangelism, too. We've had "Preaching Missions" packing them in by the tens and hundreds of thousands. Dr. E. Stanley Jones recently conducted a series of meetings for high-school youth in St. Louis, and he talked to 25,000 in ten days. Christian Endeavour has had mass meetings for youth all over the world, and so has many another church organization—in the past. But the Church is in a slump now, and no mistake about it. Either carelessly or deliberately, we are turning a cold shoulder on the technique that has won for Wyrzten and Youth-For-Christ.

Not only have the churches failed to get youth into mass meetings; we are losing them out of the church and the Sunday school at a terrific clip. Here we are all split up into 256 different denominations, with well-organized "Youth Departments" in all of them, spending huge sums of money in an attempt to keep youth in the church, going in for all sorts of highly specialized training for our

(Continued on page 51)



By T. OTTO  
NALL

TWO of every three people you meet in any city were born in the country, and they never lose interest in the familiar things of farm homes and countryside."

This is half of the philosophy behind the Country Church of the City, some ten miles, as the Elevated rumbles along, from Chicago's busy Loop. Brick apartment houses tower about the little church. But the other half of the philosophy, also stated by the pastor, Rev. Benjamin M. Will, is arresting: "One is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth."

The life of this thriving church centers about its garden. Behind a white picket fence—"We paint it every year," the pastor reports—there are dozens of flowering plants, making a beautiful place out of what was once an unsightly vacant lot.

"If we had kept the lot in weeds and ashes, this church would probably have closed its doors ten years ago," Mr. Will firmly believes. "If we had transformed the lot into a tennis court, as some wished, I'm inclined to think that we still would have lost out. We had to do something that would attract city people to a small church—even a small church without a mortgage. So, we planted a garden.

"Now, my idea of a garden," the pastor continues, "is a winding path with flowers beside it and surprises as you go along." A brief trip through this sanctuary of shade and color shows how well the idea has been developed.

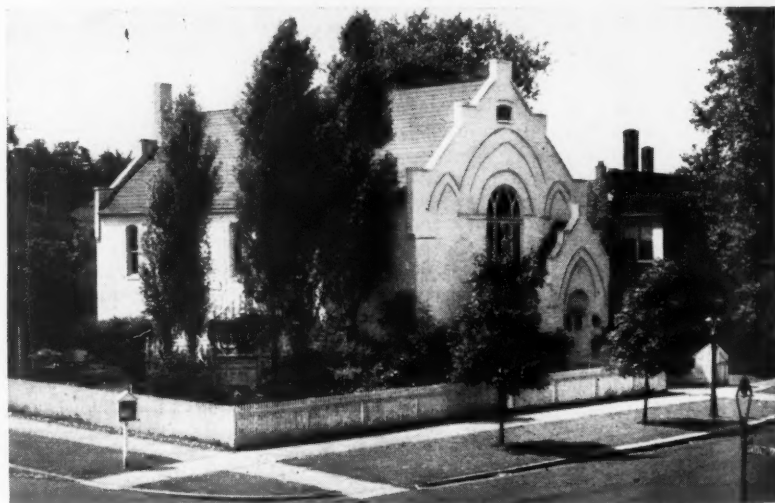
Along the path that winds in and out among the Lombardy poplars and junipers and Australian pines are perennials, annuals and even greenhouse plants that bloom from the beginning of spring until the end of fall. At Christmastime a large illuminated tree is set up in the garden and dedicated at Christmas vespers, held early in December. Throughout the Christmas season it brings cheer to the community.

Harry, a tanned old man who takes care of the church spends much of his time in the garden. "A good deal of love goes into the care of these plants," he confides, as he works over some English ivy. He has something akin to affection for the growing things. But it is easy to see that the pastor himself is the one with the green fingers of the gardener.

"I never dreamed I could ever use the experience," he explains, "but I earned my way through college and seminary as a gardener in Graceland Cemetery here



## *A Country Church* **IN THE CITY**



ALL PHOTOS BY LOUIS C. WILLIAMS, EVANSTON, ILL.

"One is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth," says Rev. Benjamin M. Will, pastor of Chicago's Country Church of the City. Top: The garden walk that has surprises at every turn. Above: A general view of the church and its garden. Right: The stairway worshipers use to enter the garden.



in Chicago. I selected the plants for this garden, and I have chosen most of the furnishings of the church. Many of the things we have are memorials."

Perhaps the most outstanding of these memorials is a short wall of weathered stone, cut by an Italian stonemason, and bearing a plaque with a poem by Douglas Malloch, the lumberman's poet of Michigan, whose outdoor interests extended far beyond the forest camps.

These lines are on the plaque:  
*Four things I think make life worthwhile:  
To love, to hope, to help, to smile.*

The winding walk is a memorial to the son of a church member. The sundial is a wife's memorial to her husband. A mother who lost her son by drowning arranged for a fringe of summer lilacs to

of her childhood home, across the sea."

Near the corner of the garden stands a signboard with uprights of birch. Beneath a roof that looks like the covering of a farm well there is a country bell, once used to call workers in from the fields at mealtime. It is another symbol of the fact that this garden belongs to the Country Church of the City.

Behind wrought-iron gates that are flanked by a rock garden, there is a wayside sanctuary, a quiet enclosure set apart for meditation and prayer. Appropriately, it is in the rear, away from the gaze of passers-by. At the very back there is an altar table, also of wrought iron, with a marble top.

As we stop to admire the zinnias, a neighbor comes by.

brick, box-like structure until we glorified it by painting it white and adding the staircase.

"A large part of our Sunday morning congregation will come down into the garden, when the weather is at all suitable, to do the after-service visiting that is such a large part of church life, particularly in the country. Practically all of our summer and fall wedding groups come down from the sanctuary into the garden."

Because of this unusual setting, and because of the beautifully dramatic service that Mr. Will uses, the Country Church of the City probably has more weddings than any other in Chicago, except for one or two Episcopal churches.

"Our service is not different from others in our denomination," the pastor says. "But we try to give it a beautiful setting. With white ribbons and greens, the center aisle becomes a lovely lane for the bride and her party. Just before they enter, a spotlight floods the altar. The Lord's Prayer is sung and, before the prayer, the pastor gives a short message on the statement that appears in gold on the arch above the altar, 'Love Never Faileth.'"

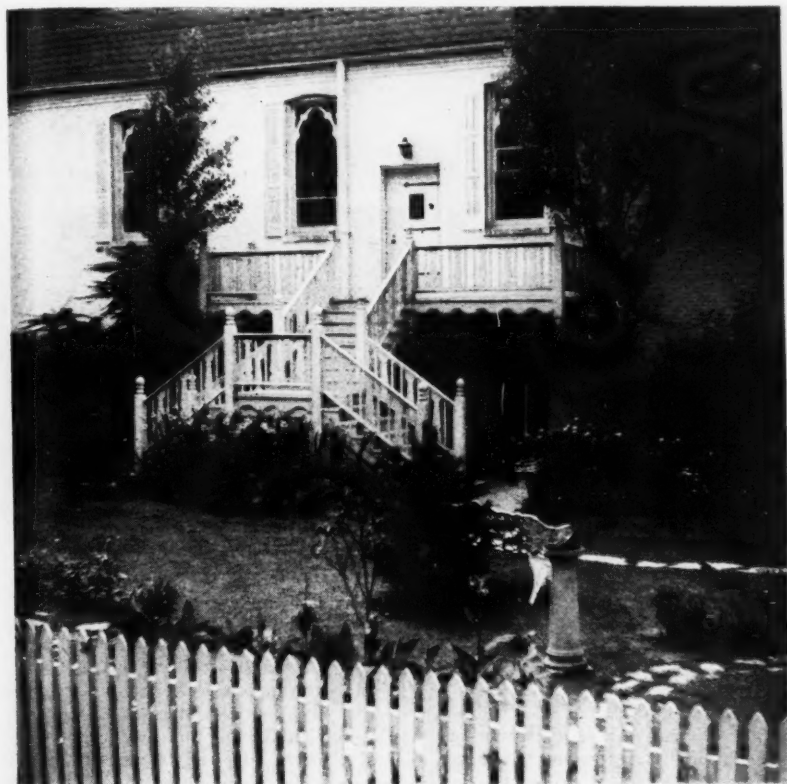
The interior of the church is almost, if not quite, as beautiful as the exterior with its adjacent garden. A long staircase leads to the sanctuary on the upper floor. This entry-way is in white, with a red ceiling, red venetian blinds and flower boxes along the walls. Currier and Ives prints show country scenes.

Back of the sanctuary is a fine arts room, with prints of old masters, well-known churches and cathedral windows. As a place to linger in after the service, this room is only second in popularity to the garden.

"Since our church is so small, we try to make every nook and corner attractive," Mr. Will insists. But a few questions bring the information that he has no intention of trying to build a larger church. "We have about 450 members, and there is not likely to be much of an increase in a transient neighborhood like this. Besides, we could only enlarge our building by taking some of our garden."

"Of course, our emphasis on beauty of setting and service is only one phase of our work. We carry on the usual program of a church, with its men's, women's and children's organizations, with its programs of evangelism and stewardship and education. But we feel that people get more out of religion when there are flowers and fine paintings about. These are no substitute for religious teaching; they merely suggest that the esthetic can supplement and enrich the spiritual."

"And we know that beauty is important to these city crowds that were born amid the fields and woods of the country."



be planted along a section of the path. The dahlias are the gift of a druggist who specializes in raising colorful dahlias and delphiniums.

"The most beautiful flower in the garden," in the opinion of the pastor, "is the deome, which opens at dusk, making the garden most attractive in the early evening."

"The purple clematis is beautiful, too. One evening I found an old woman bending over this plant and weeping softly. Drying her eyes, she told me that she had not seen a clematis in bloom since she placed one on her mother's grave years before. The flower reminded her

"Here is something for you," he tells the pastor, handing a small birdhouse over the pickets of the fence. The pastor does not take long to find a place for this new addition to his garden. Soon it is nailed to a post where it can offer hospitality to the many birds that come.

"They like the flowers, but I think they like the rice from the weddings even more," the pastor reports. "Frequently, the wedding reception is held here in the garden. The party comes down the staircase from the sanctuary."

"We put up that balcony and staircase instead of an iron fire escape that was needed. It gives character to this side of a church that was a plain, red-



# Our Hands

By RAY  
SHAW

*"God hath seen . . . the labour of my hands." Gen. 31:42. Below: The capable hands of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe counting off his famous five little charges (the Dionne quintuplets) as modeled by the author.*



**S**TUDYING hands since I first became conscious of them—and that was at a very early age—I have been sculpturing them for many years. Although I have never really seen a pair of ugly hands, many people complain to me about their ungainly hands. "They're so clumsy, ugly. I have always had an inferiority complex about them," are frequent remarks. And each time I hear this remark, I can't help but think of a legend I read as a child:

There were three beautiful maidens who carried on a local competition among themselves as to which had the most lovely hands. Needless to say, each agreed in her own favor.

To keep their hands individually beautiful these three damsels of old indulged in quite a different form of beauty treatment than is recommended by the cosmeticians of our time: One picked berries until her pale hands were a deep pink; the second gathered flowers whose fragrance clung to her fingers and the third bathed her lovely hands in milk to keep them soft and delicate.

One day an old, ragged woman approached them as they were returning from their daily "hand treatments." She explained she was poor and hungry and asked for help, but each refused. And as

they were turning away from her, another woman passed. She too was young but not pretty. She listened to the old woman's tale, took some food from the bundle she was carrying and gave it to the hungry lady.

And as she accepted this meager gift, the old woman shed her tattered clothes. Her wrinkles disappeared, and there before them stood an angel from heaven.

"The most beautiful hands," she told the young woman, "are not those that are bathed in milk nor the ones that bear the perfume of flowers or the tint of berries, but the ones that are indulged in honest toil and minister aid to those who need it."

To be sure, this is only a legend, but the lesson it teaches us is a basic and important one, and it is as applicable today as it was at the time this tale originated. For truly beautiful hands are those that do things constructive and meaningful. In other words, it is their usefulness that makes them and keeps them beautiful.

On a visit to this country, a French artist once said to me: "What lovely faces American women have; but their hands, they use them so little; they are lifeless, mute." He realized that hands may be beautiful—even though not well shaped—if they are expressive.

Hands that are busy doing things are seldom ugly.

Sarah Bernhardt knew this and made the most of her hands. They were distinguished neither by being extremely long or very short, wide or narrow, large or small; they were flexible, as was her mind, and they were fluid, as was the rest of her body. Her hands were at her command. She could make them express whatever she wished.

This doesn't mean that hands should be fluttering about like a bunch of feathers on a lady's hat. Fluttery hands, like those of Zasu Pitts, may make a comedienne out of you, but unless that is your life's ambition, it is advisable to avoid such exaggerated movements. I am thinking of a woman I know who touches her head each time she speaks of thinking, her shoulder when she mentions shoulder of lamb, and her ribs if referring to a rib steak.

A story of Queen Elizabeth illustrates the value of proper use of gestures. Back in the sixteenth century that ruggedly individual monarch went to church

one Sunday and heard a sermon which greatly affected her. The delivery, the message, the gestures stirred her deeply, and she said it was the best sermon she had ever heard. Shortly thereafter a copy of the sermon was presented to her, and after carefully reading it, she amended her original remark. She added: "True, it is the best sermon I ever heard, but the worst I ever read."

And graceful gestures have nothing to do with the size or shape of the hand. It doesn't matter how well shaped the hands may be, nor how long the fingers, if they are awkwardly used they lose their beauty. Grace, however, atones for most shortcomings in hand formations.

In Leonardo da Vinci's painting of "Mona Lisa," the hands are not anatomically perfect, but the way da Vinci recorded them they are sheer loveliness. The smiling lady knew (or perhaps the artist told her) of the importance of the forearm in relation to the hands. As you observe these hands you notice a fluidity, rhythm and pose in spite of their physical deficiencies.

Women should bear in mind that hand

ments because her hands are very nimble and graceful. Sometimes, for the thrill of it, notice the manner in which the senorita wields a fan; it has proved devastating to masculine hearts from Madrid to Mexico City.

Women should be made aware that jewelry is merely an accessory to beauty. If you are ever in doubt as to whether you should wear one more ring or bracelet—don't! Abide by the good advice given to the French woman of style: She is told that after she is dressed and ready to go out, she should look into the mirror and see if there is anything she can take off—if it be only a little flower, a pin or a velvet bow.

The subject of adornment of the hands leads me to talk about red fingernails. I have no objection to the use of lacquer on the nails but what a great many of us girls do not seem to realize is that the natural color of the fingernails is likely to harmonize with any gown or suit we may wear, whereas certain shades of red may tend to clash with our costume or make-up.

Many women select nail polish be-

many want me to guess is: What type of work do I do?

I have sculptured and studied hands of people in all walks of life—artists, dancers, musicians, writers, scientists—and have not yet been able to determine the nature of the person's occupation. Unless, of course, I am forewarned, or the individual is a celebrity.

Al Capone, I have heard, is a vocational analyst. It is told that once when he was being interviewed by a newspaper reporter, he seemed as if bewitched by the journalist's hands. The newspaperman grew more and more self-conscious as he noticed Capone staring at him. Finally, unable to contain himself any longer he asked Capone: "Why are you staring at my hands?" And Al replied in a disappointed voice:

"Kid, you sure missed your calling. With hands such as you have it would be cinch. You'd be a master pickpocket."

THERE'S a fallacy that has persisted through the ages. It is the belief that some persons are born with distinctive types of hands. Observing her son's

# Hands

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Whether it was a dream or not,  
I cannot say,  
But I saw the Christ beside the sea  
Of Galilee today,  
And I brought with me a suffering one  
Who had fallen by the way.

"Master," I said, "I have found this one  
Who has the need of Thee."  
There was nothing of me but my two hands—  
Nothing at all of me,  
But He saw them there and He reached out  
And touched them tenderly.

"It is the hands of men," He said,  
"I depend upon to bring  
The troubled and the needy ones,  
The hurt and suffering,  
And I will bless each one that brings  
A selfless offering."

He healed the hurt one I had brought.  
How well He understands!  
O blessed Master, I would go  
About earth's stricken lands,  
Seeking them out if Thou but wilt  
Direct my heart, my hands!

## PRAYING HANDS

Albrecht Durer

beauty is never achieved through the wearing of jewelry, although it is commonly worn with that end in view. A lady from one of the Latin countries told me that the average woman in her country feels naked unless she wears a great number of rings and bracelets on her hands.

I believe the Latin or Oriental woman can wear a great number of hand adorn-

ments because it bears the endorsement of the Duchess of Graustark. True, it may look well on her but might not look quite so well on someone else.

Really smart women select shades in cosmetics that harmonize with their personality, clothes and the occasion. Don't in the name of beauty wear "Slaughterhouse Red" because someone acclaims it the sensation of the year!

But to go back to hands: Something

hands, Mrs. Jones remarks: "Johnny is a born pianist." Or, "My Tom would make a great surgeon—what a pity he didn't go in for medicine. Just look at his fingers—they're so long and tapering; and poor thing, he's been working as a shipping clerk for years."

I truly dislike to disillusion those who believe that musicians, artists and surgeons have the conventionally accepted

(Continued on page 52)





# The Little Witch

By EUNICE D. AND RALPH E. DODGE

[PART ONE]

A SCREAM of pain mingled with fear and despair escaped Mvunji Mahamba's thick, protruding lips. Quickly she looked around to see if she had been heard or was being observed by her neighbors. Satisfied that she alone sensed the terrible possibility, she looked down into the face of her third-born child. Anxiously she thrust her unwashed forefinger into the mouth of the chubby baby girl and rubbed the gums; the blood again left her face as she verified her fears.

Dumping her basket of dried cassava roots into a hollowed out tree stump, used for a mortar, she quickly took a crude pestle and mechanically pounded the dried roots into fine flour for the evening meal. As she pounded, she thought back over the past five years.

As a girl of 12, she had become engaged to Kandumba Ndala. When her parents first told her of the arrangement, she was frightened. Although she had heard the older girls talk about marital duties, and at initiation camp she had been instructed more fully as to these

responsibilities still, marrying an unknown polygamist three times her age wouldn't be the same as playing at love with some village boy whom she had known from childhood. But then, it would probably be two years before the *lobola* (dowry) would be paid and she would enjoy freedom until then.

Ten months after her marriage, at 15, Mvunji gave birth to a small son. It was July and the wind was especially bitter that night. Her small hut, which Kandumba had helped her construct close beside that of his other wife, had too many cracks for July comfort. Because of her pregnancy, Mvunji had not felt like plastering her house, and as she lay on the floor with her first-born close beside her, she shivered with the cold. She felt of the baby's tiny toes; they too were moist and cold. Mvunji drew him closer to herself as she asked the midwife to bring another cloth to wrap around the baby. As she did so, the little one sneezed. A bad omen, so soon! Six days later he was placed in a shallow grave below the village while the old

YOU WILL ENJOY THIS UNUSUAL TWO-PART STORY OF MOTHER-LOVE IN DARKEST AFRICA. WRITTEN BY TWO LONG-TIME MISSIONARIES, IT IS ENTIRELY AUTHENTIC AND POIGNANTLY REAL.

Illustrator HENRY LUHR'S



women beat upon their chests and wailed to drive the evil spirits from their midst.

A year later a baby girl had been born. Mvunji's heart again rejoiced. Kandumba was so much more attentive now that she had borne him another baby. He bought her an extra cloth which she promptly dipped in palm oil to make it heavier. As dust gathered on it, it became thicker and more substantial.

Each day Mvunji went early to the garden. In a short time there would be another mouth to feed, for the baby would soon begin to eat solid foods. She must clear the forest and break the sod for an additional garden. Now that she had a nursing baby to feed, she ate ravenously—almost as much as Kandumba did when it was her turn to feed him.

For Mvunji the days seemed short, so happy was she to feel the presence of the child on her back as she worked. At times she would put the baby (to whom her husband had wished to give the Portuguese name, Anita) on the warm ground as she hoed cassava, corn, beans, and squash. At night she nestled the little one close to her bosom.

When Anita was three years old, Mvunji weaned her. That was in August. Late in September, at the beginning of the rainy season, Anita died of malaria and was buried beside her baby brother.

Mvunji's aching heart was partially comforted by the thought of another baby soon to be born. In May another girl, the one now riding on her back, had caused both her and Kandumba to rejoice once more. They had called this one Domingas because she had first seen the light of day on Sunday.

"And now," mourned Mvunji, "this terrible thing has happened; yes, in spite of the fact that I have regularly visited the medicineman and have paid him well for his protective charms."

From the larger hut came Fikisa, the senior wife of Kandumba. Ever since Mvunji had had her first baby and had therefore escaped having to serve the older wife in many menial ways, Fikisa had grown more sour and unpleasant in her manner. Today she seemed especially disagreeable. "Why did you leave the garden so early? The sun is still high," said she, pointing to the west.

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"Perhaps you have forgotten that tonight Kandumba dines with me. On the occasion of the sixth moon since our daughter's birth, I wished to kill a rooster and to eat *funji* (cassava mush) and chicken gravy with my husband. See the pot boiling." Casting a furtive glance over her shoulder at her sleeping daughter, she continued, "Would you like some of my flour tonight so you will not have to pound your cassava? It has been hot today; why don't you spare yourself the work of pounding? I have more than I need."

Fikisa retorted hotly, "Since when have I become so incapacitated that I have to beg? Have I not gardens? Have I not strength to pound flour? Just because our husband now spends more time with you is no sign that I have ceased to interest him. When you bury that baby who sleeps with open mouth on your back, we shall be equals again."

At mention of the sleeping child, Mvunji turned so that her body would shelter the baby from the gaze of her co-wife, who began to prepare her evening meal in the adjoining yard.

Just as Nature pulled an irregular blanket between the sun and the valley village of Bango-uango, Kandumba walked lazily into the backyard from between the huts of his two wives. From his belt hung a hunting knife, the blade of which was hidden in the folds of his knee-length skirt. Above his waist could

be seen the tribal marks tattooed on his bare chest and arms. He spoke to Mvunji, showing his filed center teeth. "From the aroma of cooking chicken and the brightness of the cheery blaze, I infer that the ancestral spirits have been good to you today. And our chubby daughter, is she well?"

As she reached for two sticks to place upon the fire, Mvunji purposely turned so Kandumba could not see the child. When she spoke, her voice belied the gaiety of her words. "Welcome to my house on this happy occasion. May the spirits be pleased to let our child see many more moons. You have arrived just in time. Enter the *cubata* and I shall serve you."

Whereupon she took meat and gravy in one clay bowl and cassava mush in the other and carried them to her husband. Pride filled her heart as she sat on her heels and watched Kandumba eat. He was a strong man. Her eyes traveled in admiration over his broad shoulders and manly chest. She saw the muscles race back and forth along his arm as he raised hand to mouth. Twice she replenished his dish. When he could eat no more, she arranged his reed mat on the floor so he could lie down and rest while she ate her meal and did the evening work.

With the first beat of the tom-toms, Kandumba awoke from his nap and sauntered out into the full moonlight which flooded the valley. He paused in

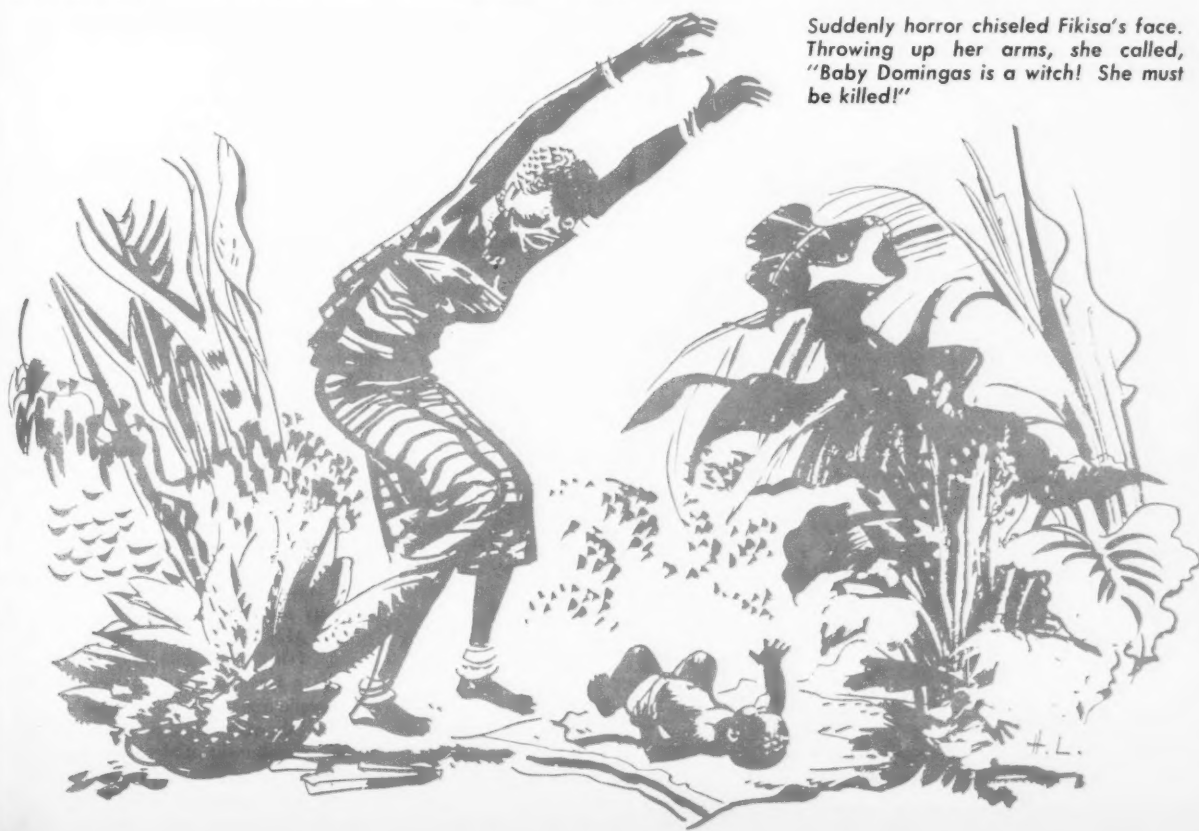
the doorway to bid good-night to his wife who was securing the door of the little hut where she kept the chickens and goats safe from the ravages of the forest beasts.

"Tomorrow night," said he, "I shall eat with Fikisa." Kandumba had learned that marital bliss for a polygamist comes through strict impartiality.

THREE WEEKS LATER, on a Sunday afternoon, Fikisa was walking along the path toward the village. She had finished hoeing her corn and had harvested a basket of cassava roots. As the path wound along the edge of the forest, she came to Mvunji's corn patch. There lying in the filtered sun was Domingas, just waking up from a nap. Around her waist she wore a string with an attached charm. Gazing up at the leafy canopy above, she had just discovered her toes and had begun to play with them. Fikisa set down her basket and stooped over Domingas to share vicariously in the play of happy childhood. Seeing her, Domingas opened her soft lips and a baby smile spread over her little black face. In response Fikisa smiled too; but even as she did so, the lines of merriment left her face and horror chiseled anew its time-worn creases. Breaking through the upper gum, a pearl white tooth gleamed in full view. No lower teeth had been cut; it was a clear case.

Abandoning her basket of cassava

**Suddenly horror chiseled Fikisa's face. Throwing up her arms, she called, "Baby Domingas is a witch! She must be killed!"**



roots in her haste. Fikisa rushed to the village calling, "Baby Domingas is a witch! She must be killed!"

Fikisa spread the alarm quickly. Running through the length of the village, she screamed, "Baby Domingas is a witch! We must destroy her, or she will destroy us!"

Two hours later, when Mvunji returned to the village, she saw that the Council was in session. (How proud she had been when her husband had been chosen, upon the death of his uncle, to represent his father's family!) As she passed, she saw him. He appeared to be defending someone. Just then a cry went up:

"There's Mvunji! She is sheltering a witch!" Others joined in the accusations: "The baby Domingas must die yet tonight. It is she who is decimating our village. If Domingas does not die, we shall all perish."

By now a group of women had gath-

ered around the mother and baby. They were shouting loudly as they took turns thrusting dirty fingers into Domingas' mouth to verify the accusations.

When it seemed by the rising tension that both baby and mother were in danger from the mob, Kandumba pushed his way through the crowd, followed by the headman of the village. "Mvunji Mahamba, did you know this?" Kandumba asked his wife. Mvunji hung her head. Without lifting her eyes she confessed, "For three weeks I have known it. I have wanted to tell it, but I love my child." And as she spoke, she drew the baby under her arm and secured her tightly to her bosom as if to protect Domingas with her own life. The village headman stepped forward, waving the women aside. In carefully weighed words he spoke.

"This is a clear case. Baby Domingas, daughter of Kandumba Ndala and Mvunji Mahamba, is a witch. 'Ere the

moon rises over this valley, she must be destroyed. The Council has made its decision. Is there anyone who wishes to say more?" Amid the general murmur of agreement which ran through the crowd, the headman turned to Mvunji and inquired, "By which approved method will you destroy this monstrosity which you have brought into the world to curse us?"

Mvunji hesitated. She knew the approved methods: a caldron of boiling water, abandonment at the edge of the forest at eventide, or the river with the waiting crocodiles. She had seen other mothers' babies destroyed because of some abnormality indicating witchhood: a baby born feet first, twins, a club-footed baby, a child with a harelip. Slowly she removed Domingas from her breast, placed her on her back, and securing her with the ragged cloth, started for the river surrounded by the shouting mob.

As they left the village, some old women picked cayenne peppers which grow at the edge of almost every African village, and jammed them into the mouth of the baby, who began to cry piteously. Others rubbed pepper onto her eyelids and on her face. So strong were those little red peppers that blisters began to form immediately. Only the flow of tears saved the sight, but what difference would it make if she were blinded? Before sunset, a crocodile or two would be content over a delicious meal, and more important still, a village would be freed of a witch.

As they emerged from the woodland, the villagers saw an approaching caravan coming at right angles to them and also headed toward the river crossing. The caravan was composed of eight carriers and two *tipoias* in which rode two "white devils," female ones at that. (For so these pagan Africans regarded all foreigners. And they were especially suspicious of those of another color—not because they had ever been harmed by one, but simply because they were different from themselves.)

As she swung from side to side in her *tipoia*, Miss Marie Lindquist dozed. For eighteen years she had been a missionary nurse and although the immediate territory was new to her, still she had learned through experience that her carriers were trustworthy. Then, too, she had long since learned to relax when not on duty. Now she was startled by the voice of her young traveling companion, the jolly and plump Mabel Johnson.

"Oh, Mia, what is all this confusion ahead of us?" she called. "It looks to me like a lynching party. I hope those wild people are not looking for a victim."

Miss Lindquist shot a quick question in the Kimbundu dialect to her chief carrier. His reply was not enlightening

(Continued on page 65)



By

RAY G. WICKERSHAM

THE executive officer of the ship was speaking. His words were sharp, clear: "We don't want to pamper them; neither do we want to mistreat them." He was talking about 2900 Nazi prisoners we were taking to the United States. He was responsible for their physical welfare. I, as chaplain, was responsible for their spiritual welfare—if and when I could get at them!

When these grizzled, battle-scarred veterans of Hitler's "conquering horde" were taken aboard in two foreign ports, they were dirty and afraid. Not many miles behind them were the battle areas where they had been captured. They were under strict and constant guard, and they were to remain so for the whole voyage. They were a surly, sullen lot.

The most pressing job, we saw immediately, was to get them cleaned up—not only for their own good, but for the good of the whole ship. This dropped a major problem in our laps, right at the start, because we discovered quickly that few, if any of them, had soap or towels, or shaving equipment. It was a case of Hercules going at the stables. . . .

In company with the Army transport officer, I rounded up all the Red Cross convalescent kits we could find, pooled them, and began to ration out the contents. We added to these certain articles requisitioned by the Navy, or purchased privately from the ship's store. The wounded and the sick were separated from the rest, and placed in special wards where they were attended by hospital men of the Army and Navy. They were all given clean sheets and comfortable beds. Assisting in their care were German doctors, plus a few German enlisted men who had served as medical corpsmen in the Germany army. Exactly the same attention and treatment were accorded these Nazi prisoners as were accorded the men of our own forces; it made no difference whatever that they were prisoners.

At the beginning of the voyage, we began to have trouble with over-eating. These Germans hadn't seen food like *this*, and in such quantities as this, for many a long year, and they made the best—or worst—of their opportunities. It got so bad that tickets had to be issued so that no one man could get more than one meal at a time. They ate bread as we eat cake; often, a prisoner's shirt would be stuffed with extra slices he had managed to slip from the table.

Of course, as chaplain, I was interested



CHAPLAIN RAY G. WICKERSHAM  
Lieutenant Commander USNR

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

## I Was Chaplain On A PRISON SHIP



in their religion; I made a survey of the ship, discovered that fifty-five percent were Protestants and forty-five percent were Roman Catholics. I began to sound them out carefully in an effort to find out just what Nazism had done to their religious faith. I found that Nazism had not touched the roots of that faith at all; it was still there, strong! Some of them began to ask for prayer-books and Testaments; I had to tell them that we had none printed in German, and they replied that there were a few men among them who could read and speak English, so we rounded up some 100 booklets for them. Those who took the booklets were mostly the older men; one of them, Otto, was 60, he had been in the army five years. He was a little disturbed about the young fellows. He had married an English-woman years back, and he had once been in New York City. The youngest of them couldn't have been more than 14,

but he told me he was 16½; he had been in a German labor battalion, and was picked up as a prisoner near Belfort, France.

I got hold of a non-commissioned officer (he would have been a master-sergeant in our Army) to act as my interpreter. He had been a lawyer in Germany, and seemed well educated. In addition to going with me on my tours of the ship, among the healthy and the sick, he read the radio news every day to the men, who seemed quite as hungry for news as they were for food. We went down among the men in all the compartments of the ship, and told them they were quite free to hold their own religious services, if one of their own number would lead them. That fell flat. There were no services below-decks, and I think it was primarily due to the fear of the men for their officers, most of whom were "hard-

(Continued on page 63)



# The Strongest Rock

By MARGARET  
LEE RUNBECK

MEANINGS rise only from the echoes of events. The moment obscures itself by its own explosion into action. But afterwards, even the least discerning can look back and glibly interpret.

The next two centuries will sit like children at the knee of Time, learning the meanings of the war which now to us are almost too profound to be grasped. New words will have to be born into our language to express some of the facts made apparent, but waiting to be interpreted and understood. Only a few wise men know them now. And most of these men cannot speak of them because the words have not yet been born.

The other night I listened to a man trying to tell an American audience some of these unspeakable truths. I saw him reaching helplessly for a word which has not yet been born. A new word to express the grandeur that rises from horror . . . the agonizing victory of the spirit where only ruin appears to be . . . the triumph no one would choose if it could be escaped . . . where all *looks* lost and yet *feels* won. When it comes, that word, it will be entirely unpronounceable by the base and materialistic, for it is ignominious to them. Its prize is beyond their focus.

Perhaps it will be a name, rather than a word. Perhaps it will be *Malta*.

Every schoolboy knows that there are two historic rocks in the Mediterranean—Gibraltar and Malta. But the schoolboys of tomorrow will learn that, during the perilous months when the Allied Nations were forced to wage only defensive warfare, there were three rocks in the Mediterranean. The name of the third rock was General Sir William Dobbie.

The story of Malta, as Sir William Dobbie tells it, and as he lived it, is a Bible story. It began, as a Bible story might, with one general sending to another a heartening word about God.

There seemed no human way that Malta could be protected during those first days. So the Chief of Staff sent the only reinforcements he knew. And guess what that was? A wireless message. But in the message was the strongest defense that ever can come into the affairs of men. The message said only: "Deut. 3, verse 22." And it was with this the island fortified itself:

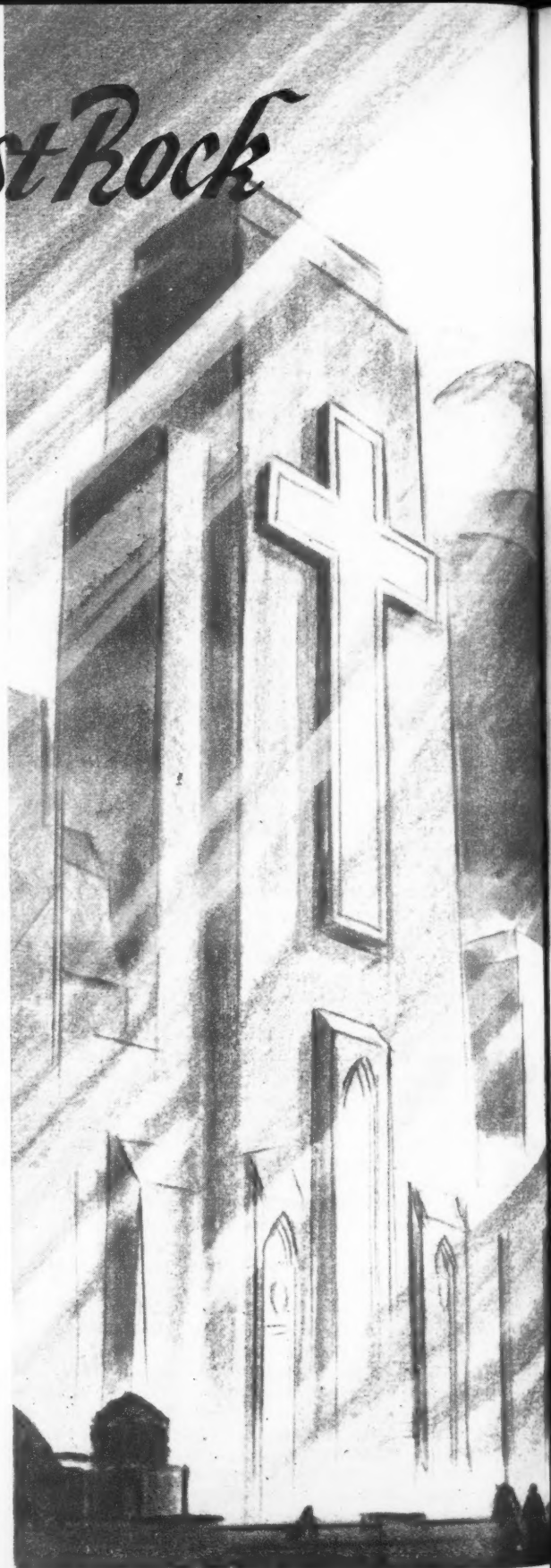
*Ye shall not fear them: for the Lord your God He shall fight for you.*

The tiny island of Malta hung in enemy seas within sight of Italy and almost a thousand miles from the nearest British base. The Axis needed Malta, and dashed more than a thousand planes to death against the Malta rocks, trying in vain to take it, or destroy it.

The bombing began the very day after Italy entered the war, and from every human viewpoint, there was no reason . . . except one . . . why Malta should not have been captured.

Malta had practically no defenses; only four seaplanes still in packing cases. But they got out of the cases in a hurry, and when one was shot down almost immediately, the populace called the remaining three, "Faith, Hope and Charity." They fought alone for three months, knocking German and Italian planes out of the sky by sheer miracle.

Meantime, day by day, an anti-aircraft defence was being built up on the island, under almost insuperable handicaps.



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# THE STRENGTH OF PRAYER AND THE POWER OF FAITH—CORNERSTONES OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH—GIVE CHRISTIANS SECURITY AGAINST DESPAIR IN A TROUBLED WORLD.



Every piece of material and ammunition had to be conveyed past the enemy navy. To give you an idea what this meant, out of fourteen ships, plus a full navy escort in one convoy, only three ships got through. But even so, this anti-aircraft finally became the strongest in the world.

Bombs rained down month after month and year after year so that even the goats and donkeys learned how to behave in an air raid. And the children barely looked up from their mysterious games among the ruins, unafraid after months of violence.

One day alone it was estimated that a million pounds of bombs were dropped; on another day the population was in a state of alert for twenty-one-and-a-half hours out of the twenty-four.

During the excruciating siege, Germany smashed four out of every five buildings to rubble, sending as many as 4,000 bombing parties in a single month, to try to demolish that tiny island eight miles wide and seventeen miles long.

To add to the horror, Malta (where St. Paul is supposed to have landed after his shipwreck in A.D. 58) is the most thickly populated country on earth. A quarter of a million people crowd on its barren rocks. In the midst of the siege, when the world was unable to offer any tangible help, the whole population was cited for bravery. The George Cross was awarded to the entire island, and the Governor, called the most heavily blitzed commander in the world, was made Knight of the Grand Cross of the order of St. Michael and St. George, by the King.

**R**EPORTS that came out of the besieged target were almost unbelievable. George Palmer writing in the *Chicago Sun* said, "Their homes, docks, business places have been smashed, but not their spirit." The harbor of Valetta was a blackened desolation; the narrow streets of the city were alleys of ruin . . . palaces, churches and homes. People lived and slept underground, and the Maltese farmers crept out between air raids to grow what they could. Malta had never been able to grow enough to feed herself, and now, of course, no food could reach her from outside. But now what grew were bumper crops.

There was no electricity left after the power plants had been demolished. There was practically no kerosene, so most of the shelters were dungeons of darkness, and yet one writer said, "The whole time I was there I never heard or saw a child cry."

Tiers or bunks were lined along the walls of a tunnel, and hundreds of people clung in family groups. Two or three paraffin lamps winked sleepily from the roof, giving feeble light. In describing this scene Lewis Anselm da Costa Ricci, the sea story writer said, "In the shadowed faces around me, there was only peace. Just before they settled down for the night, they all sang a hymn."

Over and over correspondents dipping into Malta for a few days and then escaping again to the more normal world, told of the amazing spirit of the people. But the newsmen could not account for it, because they had not the key.

Any more than they had the "key" to the other incredible facts. To mention only one of these "incredible facts": Jack

Belden, writing in *Life Magazine* for Feb. 15, 1943, said, "Counting up the damage the Maltese found that, despite the material wreckage, casualties were almost unbelievably low. Throughout the two-and-a-half years of bombing, the Axis had lost as many air crewmen over Malta as there had been total casualties killed and wounded on the island."

**SIR WILLIAM DOBBIE**, who knows Malta better than anyone on earth, analyzes the phenomenon from the expert military man's point of view. He takes into account the peculiar structure of the island, explaining how it is made of soft rock, which can easily be cut for building material and which hardens only after being exposed to the air. He explains the anti-aircraft strategy in military terminology, for he is a fighting man who has received three of the highest military decorations. (Before he was 40 he became chief of staff under the great Haig, and his signature was signed to the telegram ordering the British troops to cease firing, after the signing of the armistice ending the first World War.)

So he understands military factors. But he understands much more than these factors. And this is what he says in his explanation of the endurance of Malta.

"One more word. I have purposely left to the last the point that really overshadows all others in importance. During these two years of siege, I was very conscious of the good hand of God upon us, and I am sure that the continued safety of Malta was ultimately due to His divine protection. I am not alone in this conviction. Many others share it with me, and are glad to acknowledge it humbly and thankfully."

Sometimes the skeptical ones wish to be given the dimensions and statistics of a reported miracle. Well, here I have found two matching episodes which I invite the microscopes of disbelief to scrutinize carefully, for comparisons and conclusions. I tell the first incident as I heard General Dobbie give it in his own words.

"I remember watching a raid one afternoon from a distance. I saw a bomb hit the dome of a church in a neighboring village at the center of the island. The dome was remarkably large . . . the third largest in the world . . . and the church was thought much of by the people in the village who had built it.

"I immediately went to the village expecting to see a scene of great desolation. But the church was still standing. To my amazement I found that the bomb, which was a very large one (eight-feet long and weighing about 4,000 pounds) had bored a hole in the dome, and had buried itself harmlessly in the ground underneath.

"It had not damaged the crypt below the dome. A large number of people were sheltering there, and the bomb could have caused much tragedy. The people regarded the episode as a miracle, as indeed it was."

For my second episode, which tells of a circumstance similar from a materialistic point of view, I quote from the *Los Angeles Times* of May 10, 1945.

"If any building in Berlin was to be completely bomb proof, Hitler intended it should be his chancellery. He had it built with a roof of concrete nine-feet thick, and under the whole building was an air-raid shelter supposedly able to withstand the heaviest bomb any plane could drop.

"A blockbuster from an American Flying Fortress hit the chancellery fairly and squarely, smashing a yawning hole through the nine feet of 'bombproof' concrete, tearing through the building itself and right down into the air-raid cellar below, blasting open a crater twenty-feet deep and large enough to hold a bus."

How strong is concrete anyway? As strong as prayer? How powerful is a bomb? As powerful as faith?

General Dobbie knows the answers to these questions. He sums it up in these words:

"I am convinced that God still does answer prayer.

"Acknowledgment of God and trust in Him is now, as ever, the thing that matters most."

# WILL HISTORY

BE

REPEATED ?

**O**N AUGUST 26, 1916, a young student by the name of Donald Hankey, was killed on the Western front in the first World War. Sitting in the trenches in No Man's Land he wrote a number of striking articles which were published in the London *Spectator*, and later put into book form in two small volumes entitled "A Student In Arms."

One of these articles has haunted me ever since this present war began. We said the last time that we were going out to end war, and to make the world safe for Democracy. And this one article of Donald Hankey's was entitled, "An Experiment In Democracy." In vivid fashion he described the democratic spirit in the army. He talked of every man's willingness to shoulder a weaker brother's burden. He talked of seeing men as God sees them, apart from externals. He told how unselfish men were, and how they shared discomfort and danger. There was no difference between the fireman and the bank clerk. You valued a man for what he was.

Then he went on to describe what England could be if that spirit would be carried over into civilian life after the war. He said there would be no petty strife between class and class. Men would no longer pride themselves on their riches, or their material possessions. Men would be prized for their courage, their honesty, charity, and practical ability. All men had lived hardly, wielded pick and shovel together, and counted it no dishonor but rather a glory to do so. In peacetime men would live together in charity and brotherly love because they had learned mutual understanding and respect.

All this, he said, could be; and he offered a prayer that it might be so. But then he set down a sad sentence. "But perhaps," he said, "it is more likely that the lessons will be forgotten, and that men will slip back into the old grooves."

For a little while after the war Donald Hankey was widely quoted in books and from pulpits. He it was who said that, "Religion is betting one's life that there is a God." That sentence rang 'round the world. Then Donald Hankey's hope faded out. He was forgotten, his religion was forgotten, the lessons were forgotten, and the world slipped back into the old grooves.



## Sermon



CONCLUDING THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT, JESUS SAID: "WHOSOEVER HEARETH THESE SAYINGS OF MINE, AND DOETH THEM, I WILL LIKEN HIM UNTO A WISE MAN, WHICH BUILT HIS HOUSE UPON A ROCK; AND THE RAIN DESCENDED, AND THE FLOODS CAME, AND THE WINDS BLEW, AND BEAT UPON THAT HOUSE; AND IT FELL NOT: FOR IT WAS FOUNDED UPON A ROCK."



That is why I said this particular chapter in Donald Hankey's writing has haunted me ever since this war began. A great army of young men, the whole population of our country, then believed we were engaged in a just cause. Today the same thing is true. The common people, the soldier, the nurses, the truck-drivers, welders, machinists, people working at the wheel, at the shipyard, the canteen, the factory, say they are fighting for a better and a kindlier world, and they believe it. And they not only believe it, but they want it. They passionately desire it, and are willing to die for it. So my question is: Will history be repeated? Will we keep faith with this vast crowd who believe what they are told, or will we slip back into the old grooves, and send another generation of youth into an even worse conflict than this one?

I see only one foundation upon which we can rear the superstructure of a peaceful world, and that is the religion of Jesus Christ. Don't let anyone say that it can't be done, that there are too many obstacles in the way, that men are not yet good enough. People are good enough, and they've been good enough for a long time. The great mass of people have *always* been good enough. The people who are not good enough, are the ones who sit at peace tables and make peace on the basis of national self-interest instead of on the basis of the people's rights and their love of freedom and good will. In Donald Hankey's book he said, "The soldiers did not suffer hardship, they derided it." In a little biographical sketch of General Patton, a story is told of how one day some orders he had given were looked upon as being impossible of being carried out. He said, "I can think of five additional reasons why the thing is impossible. So go and do it."

Bring over into religion and into the task of making peace these principles which we so much like to talk about as necessary to the winning of a war, and we'll not say that peace is an impossibility. Let the Christian people not merely suffer hardship, but deride it. Let them think of ten thousand reasons why peace is impossible, and then go and make it; because of only one reason: It is the right thing to do.

When Jesus closed the Sermon on the Mount, he said, *Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the*

*winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.*

And one day standing in the presence of the ecclesiastics who were doing their level best to bring the nation to ruin, He said, *This stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner. Whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be broken; but upon whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.*

Up to now we've been building on other foundations, and in our refusal to break our hard and selfish hearts upon the cornerstone of Jesus Christ, that cornerstone has broken us. We've tried ev-



## *Soldier's Sanctuary*

Since God alone can reach me here  
At dimly lighted shrine I kneel  
And lose all sense of pain and fear . . .  
The healing sacrament of prayer.  
My soul so steeped in deathly blow  
Finds rest, as God's great love enfolds  
And never more will let me go.  
The organ calms my aching heart  
And I forget the battle grim . . .

Although on earth there be no peace,  
In faith, I make my peace with Him.

Elizabeth Beck Davidson



ery other way to make peace. We have yet one way to try. There is still hope, and if the people push hard enough, out of this war will come enough leadership to build a new world on the solid Rock.

It is quite evident that Jesus had a point of view that was based on trying to find out the will of God for the world. When Paul came along, and established little churches, and built up the beloved community, the burden of his preaching was Jesus Christ and his point of view. He said, "I count all things as dross for the excellency of Jesus Christ." And he went further when he said, "That I might know Him and the power of His resurrection." After he had satisfied himself about Jesus, he turned to the people and

said, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus our Lord." As plainly as he could say it, he was telling the people that the only way they could face life victoriously was by thinking along with Jesus. And that's what I'd like to say to you as we look toward the close of the war, and think how we can make it the last war.

First of all, is it possible to build a world on the basis of honesty with ourselves and with others? I have a set of books in my library which were written more than thirty years ago in London by J. Brierly. Strange how quickly many of the best books go out of print and out of the minds of people. This set of books is out of print. In one of them the author said that some day a nation would act on faith. It may have to suffer some, but it will secure the peace of the world.

A nation acting on faith! Have we ever heard of it before? Will we hear of it now? Look at the contrast Jesus drew between two men who went up to pray. One man had no real faith in God, no faith in his fellow men whom he regarded as dishonest and distrustful. In his own heart he was arrogant. He thanked God he was not as other people. The other man beat upon his breast and prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner." If we take the position of the Pharisee, and have no penitence, no humility, no faith in the integrity of other people, we'll not make a peace on the Rock of Jesus Christ. You can't even grow a character without the elements of penitence and humility. They are basis to one's highest and noblest development. They belong likewise to a nation. We heard Mr. Churchill say recently, "I do not blame Russia for offering her criticism against us." So far so good. But let it be more than oratory. Let it filter down through the ravages of war, to the day when interests of friendly nations clash, and when pride and arrogance will lead us into another way, and penitence and humility give us a lasting peace.

Then in the second place, can we come to the place where we regard life by the basic concept of the unity of family life? There never was a family yet where every member thought alike on all subjects, and where there were never any clashes of interest. All you have to do to find that out is to look into your own family. But differences of opinion in the family does not mean that brickbats are thrown at each other, or that they take guns and kill each other. No, a well-regulated family grants rights and privileges to each other. And just because rights and privileges are recognized, is the reason why families are bound together in love and good will.

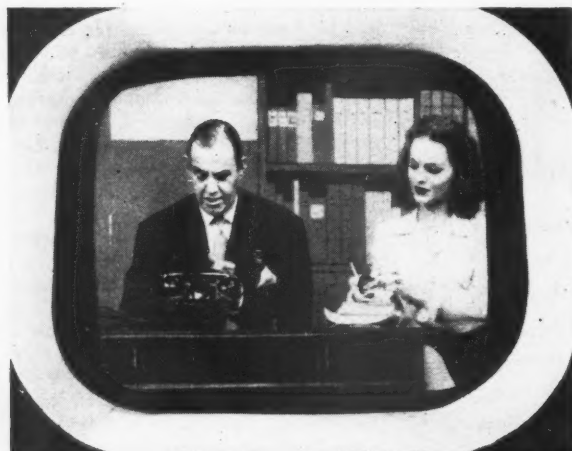
How many times we have heard the term, "A Family of Nations!" The world is a family. It has varied interests. There are as many customs and habits

(Continued on page 54)





Action! The camera shoots an office scene set up in a corner of the vast studio. Below: As you see it in your home.



Above: Jessica Dragonette smiles at her "build-up" by the announcer. Millions who have heard her will now see her—at long distance. Right: Jim Ameche does his bit for the USO. Note elaborate lighting overhead, and earphones on studio technicians. Sight and sound must be letter perfect!

# What's ahead in TELEVISION



All photos courtesy Allen B. DuMont Laboratories, Inc., Passaic, N. J.

ALL the world is wondering about post-war television.

When it comes, there will come a revolution, for the possibilities of this new medium of communication are boundless. Great men and events will not only be read about and heard of, tomorrow; they will be *seen* in the home of the common man. The home will have a whole new era of inexpensive entertainment. The public school will have in this unfolding science the greatest gift of the century. Church, church school and other religious education will have a powerful new tool; this television can become the handmaiden of religion. The finest preachers in New England will be *seen* in their pulpits by Midwesterners—sitting at their own firesides. The finest religious dramas will be televised in New York and San Francisco and seen scant seconds later on receiving sets in little cross-roads Sunday schools in Ohio. The range of television is being increased almost daily; the industry is "ready to go," in a big way, at war's end.

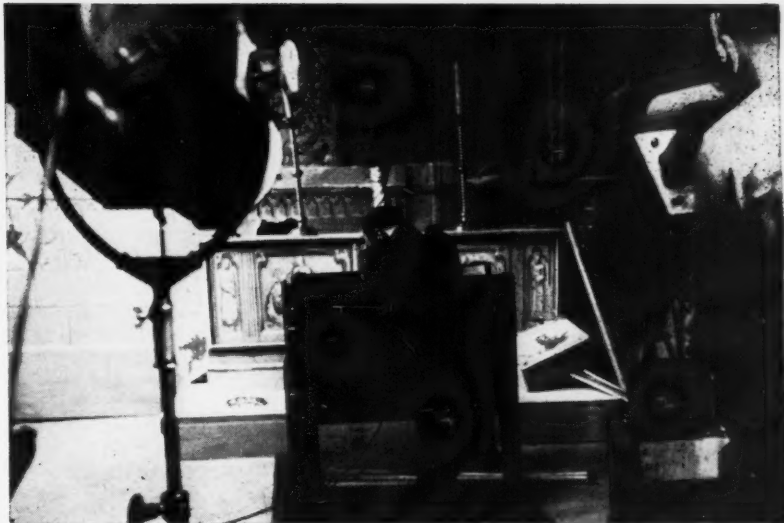
These pictures take you inside a modern television studio. This is how it is done. . . .







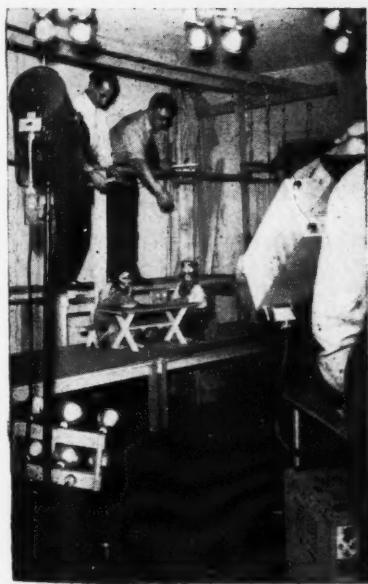
Above: Before rehearsals begin on an elaborate Easter broadcast, scale model of a ruined church is built and studied. Below: Wounded soldier enters the full-scale doors on the set.



The soldier's soul is as shattered as the altar where he prays, but he meets a Presence. The Crown of Thorns of another Sufferer lies on the altar-step. Below: American Broadcasting Co. presents the Choir of St. John's Cathedral. Microphone is on the swinging boom overhead; girls handling cables are apprentices.

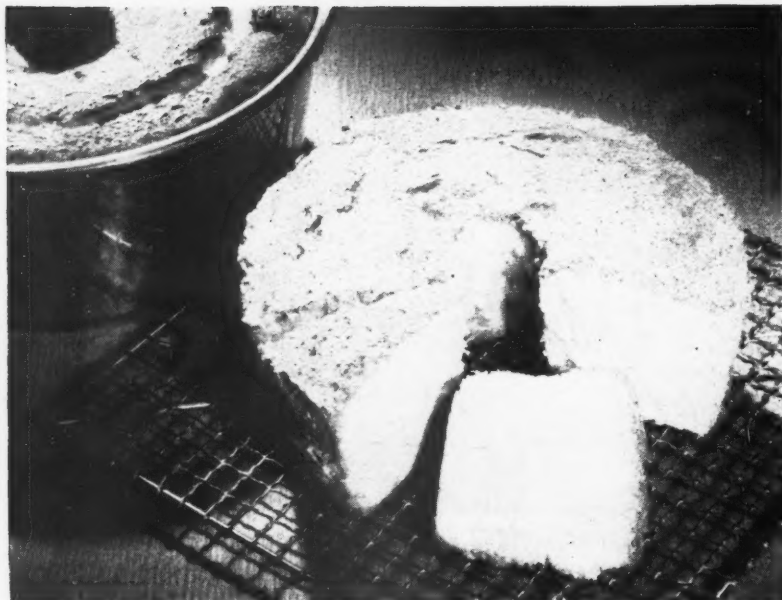


Below, Father Hubbard, Glacier Priest, is guest on Doug Allen's "Thrills and Chills" broadcast. This is typical of television scope. On this program, motion pictures are frequently broadcast. Recently, an American Bible Society movie was televised.



Once puppets meant the itinerant Punch and Judy show, a dingy, amateurish affair at best. With television, the world's finest puppeteers will travel the airwaves and afford much amusement.





POULTRY & EGG NATIONAL BOARD

If your boy is in the service when his birthday comes around, bake that birthday cake anyhow and send it to the nearest servicemen's canteen.



**D**OWN our way a Navy nurse has been home on leave after seven-months in the South Pacific. She came over for tea the other afternoon, and recounted some of her experiences. They were thrilling, particularly when you think of them in terms of what she was doing for our boys. One story she told struck me as being something you'd be interested in. No! It wasn't a breath-taking tale from New Zealand or Pago Pago. It was a story of the heart-warming kindness of the mothers and housewives of Southern Nebraska. There's a USO canteen down there, located in a railroad station, one of the few in the area, and many troop trains pass through. So this canteen finds itself very popular. It's an oasis in the desert. As with most canteens, this one is staffed with volunteers. But behind the few who serve at the counter and at the train windows, are the hundreds—maybe thousands—of women who send the good things to eat. Those Nebraskan housewives have organized themselves and any woman, no matter how isolated, can contribute her share to supplying that food.

All she has to do is to put whatever she has made for the USO on her mailbox and any passing truck or car, going to the canteen, will pick up the package and deliver it! How's that for cooperation?

But that's not all! Not by a long shot. Mothers with sons in the service would feel a bit lonely and sad on their boy's birthday with no cake to bake to celebrate the occasion . . . that is, they would but they don't, because they bake the cake anyway and send it off to that USO. They say that very often there are as many as six birthday cakes on hand. These cakes certainly do spread birthday happiness, especially when a train comes in which can't stop long enough for the boys to get off. Then those cakes are put on board the train and the hospitality and kindness of those good women speed west in the hearts as well as on the palates of appreciative GI's. Isn't that a good story? My hat is off to those Nebraskan women!

Mothers, wives, and sweethearts everywhere are doing a grand job of keeping our boys happy with small kindnesses,

and what we never know is how much real good it brings both the boys and those doing the giving! It's a great satisfaction, when you can't "do" for your own serviceman, to "do" for another one wearing the uniform which has become so dear. Churches, too, are working hard to keep their service men and women within the family circle, by "doing" for them and keeping alive the ties of Christian fellowship.

I have a letter from Grace G. French of Union Village, Vermont; she tells what her church is doing to let those away know that they are not forgotten, but are ever in the home folks' hearts and prayers. You will be interested to know that her minister was Rev. George L. Fox, one of the four Army chaplains who gave their lives in the *Dorchester* disaster. Appropriately, her church has taken for its project the job of drawing its service men and women closer.



She writes: "There is a Service Center in the church: a brocade-covered table on which is a small American flag, a Bible, two candles, a tray for servicemen's letters of general interest, and a record of those in the service. Upon request, the boys and girls themselves have contributed much of the information, for we believe this personal contact is a real link between them and their church. A small, lively and newsy paper goes to them each month. All this may be of small value to other communities, but we are getting good from it and the responses are gratifying. The latest project is sending letters to the chaplains of the units in which our local boys and girls are serving. These also are being well received and contacts are reported."

Well, Grace French, you've given us a

(Continued on page 48)



On a visit to Paris, Gershwin composes the orchestral suite, "An American in Paris." Robert Alda portrays the American composer in "Rhapsody in Blue."

## "RHAPSODY IN BLUE"

**N**OT all of America's great men are soldiers, statesmen or industrialists; and one of them was a songwriter. George Gershwin was a songwriter who took America's popular music, the "blues"—spurned by the classicists—and through his genius made it beautiful and serious and "classical" enough for the most earnest concert-goers. Gershwin proved that the composing of great music did not cease with the deaths of Bach, Brahms and Beethoven; he wrote great music, yet new, modern . . . and American.

Warner Brothers' "Rhapsody in Blue," the film biography of George Gershwin, does justice to its subject. The picture concentrates upon the composer's burning drive to put the music that was in him down on paper and to get it published, played and accepted. And there's no stinting in the presentation of the music itself. We hear a great deal of his output, from his first song, "Swanee," through "Rhapsody in Blue," "An American in Paris," and excerpts from "Porgy and Bess"—the first "folk opera."

The title role is played adequately, if not brilliantly, by Robert Alda, a screen newcomer who faintly resembles Gershwin. Alda, to my mind, fails to portray the warm, friendly personality of Gershwin, who with thousands of friends was the center of every gathering he attended.

Since the great songwriter died comparatively recently, in 1937, and so many of his contemporaries are still alive, it is doubtful how strictly accurate this life story is. But that is not especially important; the details may not concur with actuality, but the music and the unceasing drive that kept Gershwin working at top speed—and which killed him—are true and that is sufficient.

Also, because of the recentness of his death, many of the musical genius' friends and co-workers play themselves in the film—an interesting feature. Oscar Levant displays his acerb wit, and the roles of Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson, George White and Hazel Scott are competently played—by themselves.

Gershwin's happy home life and the encouragement his parents gave to the early outcropping of his genius, is an integral part of the picture. George is shown as a boy of 10 in a penny arcade learning to play the piano by following with his fingers the keys of a mechanical player piano. From almost that time on, Gershwin had little time for anything else but music and in this he was aided and abetted by his doting parents.

Whatever your musical likes or dislikes, you will be engrossed by this life of Gershwin. It is a paean in praise of American music and its greatest modern exponent.

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## Current Films

REVIEWED BY THE MOTION PICTURE  
COUNCIL OF PROTESTANT WOMEN

Audience Suitability:

A—Adults; YP—Young people; F—Family.

**STORY OF G. I. JOE.** (United Artists)  
This film biography of Ernie Pyle, the beloved war correspondent, gives the American infantryman a part of the credit which is his due. The cast includes combat veterans of the campaigns in Africa, Sicily and Italy. First showing of the picture was on Okinawa, where Ernie was killed in April. General Eisenhower calls it the greatest war picture he has ever seen. Burgess Meredith plays Ernie Pyle with great sincerity and naturalness. This picture is definitely recommended. **F**

**A BELL FOR ADANO.** (20th Cent.-Fox)  
Based on the Pulitzer Prize novel by John Hersey, son of missionary parents. The film is almost a perfect picturization of the book and is one of the finest pictures we have seen. It tells a part of the story of United States participation in the liberation of Europe. The locale is a fishing village in Sicily. A U.S. occupying force comes to the village bringing democracy. Major Joppolo (John Hodiak), a good and understanding person, with the help of cynical Sergeant Borth (William Bendix) and others, has the job of trying to run the village on anti-Fascist lines. When he discovers that there is a real spiritual need for a bell in the tower of the city hall, he secures the help of the Navy in procuring one. Mussolini had removed Adano's old bell and had it melted down for gun barrels. The thought is well brought out that spiritual needs transcend the physical. **F**

**THRILL OF A ROMANCE.** (MGM)  
When we have the beauty of the Yosemite and the redwoods filmed in Technicolor as a background for music and romance, we have the best in entertainment. The plot of this story is simple and unconventional, with some social drinking. The excellent swimming by Esther Williams makes this film a delight. Lauritz Melchior, Metropolitan Opera star, contributes seven songs. The picture has joy and beauty. The entire family should enjoy all or part of it. **F**

**WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?** (20th Cent.-Fox)  
We are talking much about the brave new world, but this film takes us on a trip down the centuries of the past. The story begins with Bill (Fred MacMurray) who is 4-F and pretty discouraged because the draft board won't lower the physical standards enough for him to get into the Army. He must watch the girl he loves go to the USO to entertain servicemen and all he can do is run a garage and collect scrap. One day he

(Continued on page 69)





By CLYDE  
ORMOND

**S**O THEY went hunting. Mr. Gunny killed one and made a clean miss. Corky killed his second, and winged a third that fell across Wilson's canal.

"Have to leave him, I guess," Corky said. "No bridge for a mile."

"Do you usually leave cripples, Carl?"

Corky grinned. "Naw, I never do. I was thinking of your new britches."

So Mr. Gunny stripped to shorts, and Corky didn't bother. They waded while Old Bob swam. They found the wounded bird and finished it off. Neither said much on the long walk homeward. Corky could have said the suffix rule backwards, next morning.

Trivialities piled up. A word, act, impulsive bit of philosophy—homely, unexpected little things that mattered to no one except Mr. Gunny and Corky Smith. They'd found a common denominator.

Not that Mr. Gunny considered that Corky might become the protégé of his private dream. By the time Corky came to Josephsville, Mr. Gunny's dream was fading like his youth. Its roots were still there, though; and if he'd think too hard about it, they'd gnaw him till he couldn't sleep. Mary would pat his hand. "What's the matter, Emanuel?" He would answer, "something I ate, maybe." When Mary's breathing told him she slept again, he would quote: "Life is a blank page upon which man strives to write—"

Earlier years, before Corky, he had seen substance for his dream struggling in embryo. There was Ardith. At 12, she could stand before the room, twist her freckled face, and be so much of "Sandy McGee" that the principal's room howled with mirth. "The Hangin' of Jeb"

Mr. Gunny belonged to the parade of little men. A male schoolmarm and lacking genius himself, he must recognize ability and be its guide. His must be the glory reflected. Corky Smith had no earmarks of genius; he shed instruction as a mallard does water. Yet Mr. Gunny was convinced the boy had unchallenged ability. Kept after school one day, Mr. Gunny asked the boy what he would be doing if he weren't making up his spelling. "I'd be huntun' pheasants," he said. Mr. Gunny decided to excuse him to go hunting provided he studied at home. Corky invited the teacher to come along with him. The story concludes below.

## REFLECTED GLORY

[PART TWO]

brought tears on girls' cheeks and boys blew their noses into soiled handkerchiefs. Read, Ardith! Study dramatic art. I'll help and someday you'll be famous. But youth and beauty and dreams had a sudden new meaning to Ardith while she was a sophomore in Liberty High. She married a boy whose father gave them a farm.

Then there was Rolfe. Under-teachers punished him for sketching instead of marking off decimals. Mr. Gunny discovered the unerring likenesses in the bold strokes of his caricatures. Fine, Rolfe! Now you're in my room, you keep on with that drawing. We'll make allowances for arithmetic. You've talent, and Josephsville will at last produce distinction. Mr. Gunny will someday get his second-hand compensation. Only Rolfe's drawings, when he'd left the eighth, infuriated high-school teachers because he was grossly unflattering to them. Rolfe became a merchandiser at Hinckley's Grocery.

There was Alice who could design clever puppets. Jim with a knack at pounding the school piano . . . many, many seedlings of individual ability which Mr. Gunny was the first to take seriously. Somehow, each turned out like a path leading too far afield—they faded out.

Until he discovered Ramona. At last, he'd found his protégé.

A gifted soprano at 11 with a flute-like voice of unbelievable power, Ramona hit A and even B, where others squeaked at E.

Mr. Gunny was awed and inspired. "Ramona," he told her with profound sincerity, "you'll become a great singer. You must sing."

There was a long talk with her folks. Money raised from mortgages. A vocal teacher from the city. Two months before she would have graduated from the grades, she was already singing on the local radio station. There was fan mail. Excited talk of contracts.

Ramona came to school one Monday,



complaining, "I've got a headache."

Mr. Gunny excused her to go home. The pain was worse Tuesday. They operated Wednesday for a brain clot, and Ramona died two hours later.

He didn't look for protégés so much after that—just struggled harder with kids and curriculum. He wondered if he hadn't pushed Ramona so much with music if she would have had that clot.

BUT THE CONTRADICTION that was Corky struck him. He liked Corky, especially. Maybe it was his own deep humility, his lifelong defense of the underdog.

Corky liked Mr. Gunny. His progress was only in proportion to how much Mr. Gunny pushed him. He staggered through to the eighth, manifesting his inherent unpredictability by passing the final exams on his own.

Mr. Gunny was frankly surprised. "Carl, I'm very pleased."

"I hadta pass 'em," Corky answered solemnly, "so I passed 'em."

Blow-Hard proclaimed to all who pretended to listen, "See? What'd I tell

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you? My kid's always been smarter'n other brats. Gunny's the only teacher the kid's had could ever bring anything out of him."

It got around that Mr. Gunny had accomplished miracles. Corky had untapped mental powers. The build-up made it bad—because in Liberty High School, Corky was an awful flop. Not prodded by somebody he took a shine to, he reverted. Even the superintendent told Mr. Gunny jokingly, "Gunther, how you could ever sign your name to the diploma of a fellow that's as innocent of learning as that Corky Smith, is beyond me."

Yet Liberty High kept and graduated him after five years, because nobody could play football and baseball like Corky Smith. He weighed a hundred-eighty.

What hurt Mr. Gunny most was that everything they said seemed aimed straight at him. It was his failure, not

Corky's. Not only Corky. But every 14-year-old he sent to Liberty High, lacked in this or wasn't well grounded in that. "I tried to give them individuality," Mr. Gunny said. "I missed giving them precision."

It was a slow, nagging discovery composed of words and aims and days and years. His best years were gone and his product was emerging and clarified. "I've only been a schoolmarm," he told himself. "And I've been a punk one."

That spring, he started to raise White Leghorns. "A long ways from chickens." It was like still picking Corky up where he had failed.

What Mr. Marcus, the chairman, had said became a new challenge in the weeks following. The conscience that belongs with humble little men still haunted him. There were other growing indications, if he would admit them. His students were grown up now. He would meet them everywhere. Always the same

cheery, "Hello, Mr. Gunny!" It had grown into an unforeseen compensation. Especially since the war. Boys he'd steered through voice-changing and arithmetic were stalwarts now. Fighting, writing him from the four corners of the globe. His girls, women in war factories. Their letters came irregularly just as they had dropped in to see him over the years. Only since the war, letters from his students had been more frequent. Their need for home was heightened. Even Corky averaged one a month. Homey, prized little messages. Like taking up old conversations where they had left them in Josephsville School.

The memories and hopes and failures all came back. Clear. Like the one o'clock bell summoning him inside once more. But Mr. Gunny said simply, "I tried hard, and failed."

Mary said, "Nobody thinks you failed, Emanuel. Only the ones who succeed

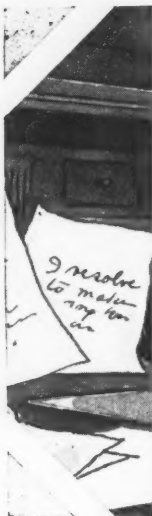
(Continued on page 62)

Illustrator

PHIL BERRY



Corky shot two pheasants and winged a third that fell across the canal. Not wanting to leave cripples, they waded into the stream while the dog swam.



# I have FOUND my Church



By Mary J. Perkins

*Letters in reply to Mary Perkins' first article, "Wanted: A Church" (May Christian Herald) are still coming in—more than 500 have arrived so far. She has read every one of them—and here is how she feels about them, up to now. This second article is as arresting as the first. Note that while the editors picked the letters of three laymen as the best, Mrs. Perkins quotes from five clergymen.*

I HAVE found my church. It is in many places and it has many names, but it is essentially one church with one purpose. That purpose is the fulfillment of the highest ideals of the teachings of Jesus.

Because He said, *Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest*, my church has opened her doors to me. Her ministers have offered their counsel, and her members have offered their fellowship.

I wish it might be possible to answer individually the hundreds of letters that were sent in answer to my quest for a church. Each writer gave so abundantly of his time and wisdom and compassion that no words can express my gratitude. I shall try, however, through the medium of *CHRISTIAN HERALD*, to reply to the questions and suggestions that were mentioned most frequently in those letters.

Many of you were curious about my background. What kind of woman is this Mary Perkins—if indeed she is a real person at all? A minister from Indiana, Elmer L. Harvey of Jeffersonville, summarized it accurately when he wrote: "I believe I know you quite well after reading your letter. You were brought up in the church, weren't you, Mrs. Perkins? You believed everything your Sunday-school teachers said, and you didn't have to think very much about what was taught. Then you grew up—probably went to college—and for the first time you were forced to do some thinking, serious thinking. When you heard some of your long-established beliefs kicked into the dust of antiquated thinking, you gave up

everything that had to do with religion. You 'threw the baby and the bathwater out the window with the same toss.' Now that you are older, you have begun to build back a religious faith that will stand the hard tests of life."

Only one who has had faith and lost it can know the bitter vacuum it leaves behind. I would spare my children that bitterness. I would give to them, not a hastily completed structure, but rather a foundation upon which to build the temple of their faith.

My agnosticism puzzled many of you. In using the term I meant, simply, "I don't know." Some authorities call the agnostic one who feels that knowledge is impossible. I cannot endorse that interpretation. I should not seek that which I could not hope to find. As Rev. Fred E. Luchs, Athens, Ohio, said, "Don't give too much validity to your doubts and incredulity. Such feeling leads only to another kind of dogmatism."

To those of you who wondered why an agnostic should want a church, I can say only that I am dissatisfied with agnosticism. I do not want it for my children. "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?"

The overwhelming majority of your letters advised me to abandon, temporarily, my search for a church and to look instead for God. *Seek ye first the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you.* But where better to look for Him than in His house, the church?

An army chaplain, Capt. Gilbert H. Curry, advised me to join a church: "Do not wait until you are wholly satisfied with yourself. None of us believed everything before we gave ourselves to the Church. We started with what we did believe and with what we were at the time. . . . I cannot guarantee that your children will hear nothing of hell or what you term the 'fable' of Adam and Eve. . . . But I will say that as far as I am concerned my influence will be used to further the positive doctrines of the Christian religion instead of the negative ones. . . . Granted that religious education in a great many churches is not what it could be, yet it is exerting a mighty influence for good upon the children of the land."

I have taken his advice. After deciding which local church seemed to have done most to promote fellowship among all churches, I talked with the young minister who superintends its church school. I read the material used there for instruction, and I found it wholly satisfactory. My oldest child is now attending Sunday school regularly.

Those of you who felt that I was asking the impossible in my requirements for my children's instruction, may wonder how I found a church school that conformed so readily. The truth of the matter is that I, not the (Continued on page 70)



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# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. CLOVIS G. CHAPPELL

SEPTEMBER 1945

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

SEPT. 1 THE IMPOTENCE OF FORCE  
PSALM 33:1-16

"A MIGHTY man is not delivered by much strength." Neither is a mighty nation. There must be something more than mere brute force. Napoleon found this out more than a century ago. Therefore he declared that what astonished him most was the impotence of force to organize anything permanently. So some are learning today. A few months ago Hitler was a mighty man, but his force failed to save him. We who have won the war will surely lose the peace unless we go beyond trusting in force alone. There is no hope of a permanent peace apart from the way of Christ.

*Help us, Lord, to see that Thy way is the only way of peace both for the individual and for the nations. Amen.*

SEPT. 2 CONTINUAL THANKSGIVING  
PSALM 34:1-6

"I WILL bless the Lord at all times." Here is a man for whom every day is a day of thanksgiving. He invites us to share his gratitude. "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together." He is grateful for what God had done for him personally. "I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." He is thankful for the radiance that has come into the faces of his friends. "They looked unto him, and were radiant." Finally, he is grateful for the experience of a certain poor man who had cried to God with the result that He "saved him out of all his troubles."

*We thank Thee, our Father, for thine amazing mercies both to ourselves and to our fellows. Amen.*

SEPT. 3 THE RIGHT KIND OF BOASTING  
PSALM 34:1-10

"MY SOUL shall make her boast in the Lord." Generally speaking, boasting is offensive. Sometime ago I heard a man speaking in swaggering fashion of his material wealth. It was rather ridicu-

lous. The truth of the matter is that he was not very rich even in things. He was only drunk. But there is a boasting that is a source of joy, especially to those who do not think more highly of themselves than they ought to think. Such was the boasting of this Psalmist, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad."

*We thank Thee, our Father, that when we have no good word to say for ourselves we can still boast in Thee. Amen.*

SEPT. 4 EVERY NEED MET  
PSALM 34:10-16

"THE young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." There is a tradition that David wrote this Psalm while he was hiding from Saul amidst the wilds of the hills. As he wrote, he heard the king of beasts in search of his prey. He set their very snarls to music as he realized that God was doing for him in his weakness what the lions with all their strength were failing to do for themselves. "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

*We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou art able to supply every need of ours through the riches of Thy grace. Amen.*

SEPT. 5 NOT EXEMPTION BUT DELIVERANCE  
PSALM 34:15-22

"MANY are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." This Psalmist is ahead of his time. The faith of his people was that only the wicked were afflicted. Good men were sheltered. The whole problem of Job hinges on this. But this wise Psalmist realizes that it is not the purpose of God to coddle His saints. He does not save them from all fiery furnaces. They have to suffer even as others, but He never fails to walk with them amidst the flames and to give a deliverance that is better than exemption.

*We thank Thee, Lord, that it is not*

*Thy purpose to take us out of the world, but to keep us from evil. Amen.*

SEPT. 6 A DANGEROUS MOOD  
PSALM 35:11-17

"SAVE me from their loud lies." (Moffatt) This Psalmist may be stating sober truth, but I fear that he has a persecution complex. He is as flawless as the Pharisee who went into the temple to pray. "When they were ill, I wore sackcloth . . . I prayed for them . . . as for a friend, as for my brother; downcast was I, in black I dressed like a man mourning for his mother, and now when I fall they are glad." This may be true, but the chances are that this Psalmist has so fixed his attention on his own virtues that they seem great, while the virtues of his brother seem not to exist at all.

*Save us, Lord, from that self-righteousness that makes us magnify our virtues while we minimize those of others.*

SEPT. 7 THE SMILE OF GOD  
PSALM 36:5-12

"IN THY light shall we see light." In Thy smile we have the light of life," is Moffatt's translation. The smile of God means here what it means for us. It means God's approval. God can only smile with approval upon us as we dedicate ourselves to the doing of His will. Thus dedicated, we do have the light of life. This is not theory, it is experience. It is the fulfilling of what Jesus declared when He said, "If any man is willing to do His will, he shall know." Every surrendered soul experiences the smile of God which means the light of life.

*We thank Thee, our Father, that this radiance may be ours in spite of all earth's darkness. Amen.*

SEPT. 8 WHY FRET?  
PSALM 37:1-9

"FRET not . . . it only leads to evil." Evidently fretfulness did not appeal to

(Continued on page 44)

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## DRAMA IN REAL LIFE—XXI

AUGUST 1964

# The Reader's Digest

ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST • FUN FACTS OR PLEASURES

One of the World's Foremost Sources of the Word:  
**"YOUR MIND IS TO CONTACT THE READER"**  
 by Captain William A. Renshaw, Page 116

Early Light 1  
 The Unknown Past: Key Book-American 2  
 A Glimpse of Lullaby 3

By Daniel A. Slone 4  
 Be Strongly High 5  
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 Beats 8





## The BRITISH ISLES STILL STAND

You were the principal visitors to these Islands in the days before the war and never did you travel far as strangers, for continually you met reminders of our common heritage. Place names, alone, made you feel at home. But much more than that, birthplaces, ancestral homes and shrines, honored by the memory of the founders of the United States, served but to emphasize our kinship.

In peacetime when you come again, time honored sites must share their age old interest with other and more recent shrines of pilgrimage. Cities which stood up to the fury of the enemy. Cities, towns and villages and whole areas of our countryside where your brave forces made their wartime homes. With what pride will fathers show their sons, and sons their parents and friends, the places where they prepared themselves to fight and conquer the common enemy in their desire for the liberation of mankind and the freedom of the world.

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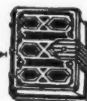
*British  
Railways*



# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

*By Amos John Trauer*



SEPT.  
2nd

## JOSEPH'S PLACE IN GOD'S PLAN

GENESIS 39:20-23; 41:14-43

**D**OES one man matter to God? Is history the story of great personalities? Or are men merely pawns moved on the chessboard of history by circumstance? The answer of the Bible is unqualified. It gives the lie to those who make economic and social forces the determining factor in history.

Years ago every high-school lad debated, at some time or other, whether character or environment was more powerful. Certainly life situations do influence character greatly, but the Bible is all on the side of character. The history of the world is different because there was a man like Joseph. Granted that God uses circumstances to help direct His chosen men into the path of His purposes. Yet all men, just as Joseph, are free to choose how they will respond. This response depends on character.

Joseph, the boy, was a perfectionist, or to use a word formerly more familiar, an idealist. "Behold the dreamer cometh," was the condemnation with which his hard-headed, hard-hearted, realistic brothers dropped him into the pit and sold him into slavery. His very presence with them hampered their vices. Even more than the dreams he had told and the tale-bearing of which they accused him, they hated him for what he was. The resentment of the Pharisees and priests against Jesus was like that. It is dreamers like this, men who do right because it is right, men who prefer crosses to wearing crowns by compromise, who are the world's saviours. The first step in a boyish ambition to be used greatly by God, is to be the kind of boy God can use.

JOSEPH needed a lesson in realism. He needed testing to translate his dreams into life. His school was to be "the college of hard knocks." From the too-fond favoritism of his father to the darkness of a cistern and the merciless commands of the slavers; from dreams of virtue to the seductions of his master's wife, unjust imprisonment and ingratitude from a fellow prisoner; from all the circumstances that seemed to deny the worth of virtue, to the heights of Pharaoh's favor and the lordship of Egypt—through it all, Joseph kept his standards

and proved his quality. We are being tested every day, every hour. We learn that life is real and idealism is difficult. If we can also keep our lives clean and our consciences clear, God can use us in His plans for a better world. Someone has said, "Even God could not play great music on a tin whistle." Perhaps the figure needs some modification but the meaning is clear. To save Israel for her place in history there needed to be a man like Joseph.

Joseph was not hardened by his experiences. Success did not go to his head. Deep sympathies were developed. He was tried as few men have been tried. Dr. Clarence Macartney has called Joseph "the most Christlike man in the Old Testament." He was like Christ in the treatment he received from those who should have been his friends. His patience and forgiveness were Christlike. His purity, honesty and fearlessness were Christlike. He was "tempted in all points" almost as was the Christ. We cannot say he was without sin, yet many students of his life admit no place in his record where he is clearly a sinner.

### Questions:

*Recount the dreams connected with the story of Joseph. Are we to believe that God still reveals His will in dreams? If not, how can we know His will? What do you think of modern fortune-telling? How does this differ from Joseph's use of dreams?*

*What was the greatest test of Joseph? It there a progression in the tests from his sale as a slave to his premiership in Egypt? What is the importance of integrity in the commonplace?*

SEPT.  
9th

## A NATION GOD USED

GENESIS 41:46-57

**E**GYPT was a great and cultured nation. It was a far cry from the primitive, Arab-like life of the children of Jacob to the luxury of Egypt. With the outward signs of great national achievement were the degenerating influences of lax moral codes and worship of false gods. God used Joseph to bring the children of Israel into Egypt in spite of the temptations of life there. Why?

There were just as great temptations in Canaan. Indeed the surrounding

heathen tribes were so much like the Hebrews that there was constant danger of inter-marrying and of losing their distinctive faith. In Egypt they would be different and apart. Egyptian pride would see to that.

In Egypt they would be made acquainted with the best in education and culture. Egypt was not all bad, and it was worth all it cost to have trained one Moses to lead them back to the Promised Land.

In Egypt there was enough to eat. Joseph had seen to that. Famine might have wiped out the whole family back in Canaan.

In Egypt after Joseph died, and a new Pharaoh came to the throne, the hostile attitude of the new regime helped to make the Israelites aware of their uniqueness. They were different and under their God had a special destiny. Years of persecution would break the spirit of many, yet there would always be the faithful remnant, certain of God's final victory.

DR. CHARLES BROWN described the contribution Egypt made to the saving of Israel with two words—quantity and quality. The family of Abraham had been in Canaan 200 years and was still a handful, with lands only large enough for their flocks. In Egypt they increased so rapidly their masters began to fear them. As to quality, the life of Canaan was easy, too easy, and they were little better than their heathen neighbors. When they left Egypt, with all their faults, they had been purified by the fires of persecution.

#### Questions:

Suppose Egypt had accepted the God of Israel? What could she have invested in the building of a better world? What about some modern nations that have had great possibilities for God and missed their opportunity?

Carlyle, looking out on the terrible social evils of his day, complained: "And God does nothing." Discuss.

SEPT.  
16th

#### JUDAH'S CONCERN FOR HIS FAMILY

GENESIS 44:18-34

THERE was real greatness in the soul of Judah. When he was younger his vices far outshone his virtues. Against the background of his times, perhaps we may find a more lenient judgment on his morals, yet he was inheritor of a more godly tradition than the low standards of his heathen neighbors. He had joined his brothers in the plot against Joseph and had made the suggestion that he be sold. It is difficult to know whether this should be placed to his credit. At least it saved his brother's life.

Judah had a conscience. There is al-

## "What he needs is an old-fashioned spanking!"



1. My husband, Jim, brought his sister home for dinner the other night—and walked in on such a scene! Little Tommy was putting up a terrible fuss about taking his laxative, and I'd just about lost all my patience.



2. When Jim saw what was going on, he was ready to spank Tommy then and there. We might have had an awful argument if Jim's sister hadn't spoken up. "Don't mind my interfering," Janet said, "but maybe I can help."



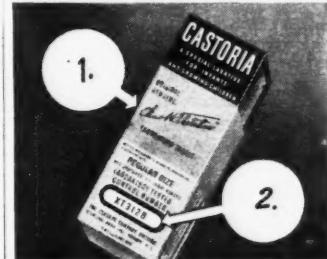
3. "It's wrong to force medicine on children," she said. "Doctors say it can upset their nervous systems. Haven't you heard about Fletcher's Castoria—the pleasant-tasting laxative made especially for children?"



4. "With Fletcher's Castoria, there's no need for forcing," Janet went on. "Children love it. It's effective, too, yet gentle—never harsh or upsetting. Just to prove it, I'll go to the drug-store and get some."



5. She was back in no time and we gave Tommy the Fletcher's Castoria. He took it without a bit of trouble—and loved it! "Thanks for coming to dinner, Janet," I smiled, "and for keeping peace in the family!"



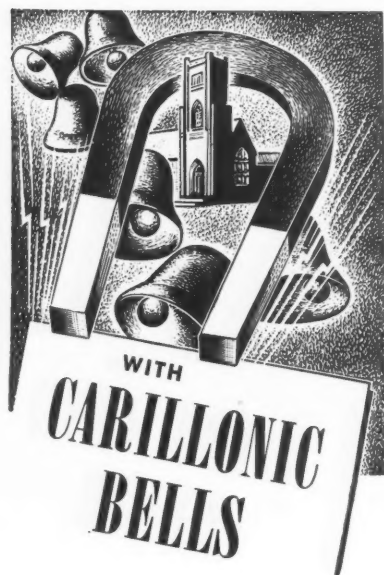
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ways hope for the sinner, however seemingly hardened, if there is an inner light to remind him constantly of his sin. We may believe that Judah had been honestly sorry for his part in the sale of Joseph and the deceit of his father. So when trouble began to pile upon trouble for the family of Jacob, Judah could feel the hand of a just God in it all.

Joseph had to know whether there was real repentance in the hearts of his brothers. So he planned a test that would in some measure duplicate the circumstances of his own betrayal. Benjamin was his own brother, the son of Jacob's favorite wife Rachael. She had died in giving birth to Benjamin. The rest of his brothers were sons of other wives of Jacob and their attitude toward him was typical of the Oriental harem. By placing Benjamin in jeopardy, he could learn whether the ten half-brothers had changed heart.

It was a dramatic situation Joseph arranged. God made the first move in the famine that swept over Canaan. Then the ten came seeking grain and under questioning by the Egyptian F.B.I., a father and a younger brother at home were mentioned. To prove their good faith they were sent home to produce the young brother while Simeon remained as hostage. Then they came with Benjamin and a banquet was given them, to be followed by the discovery of a silver goblet in the grain-sack of Benjamin as they were on their way home. All were brought back and Benjamin accused. Then Judah rose to the test and offered to pay the price of Benjamin's freedom with his own life. Harris Elliot Kirk describes this passage in these words: "With swift nervous sentences he makes his plea in one of the finest speeches in the Bible."

THE NOTE in that plea that satisfied Joseph was Judah's tender reference to his father. This brother now sought to shield his father from hurt, now willingly acknowledged the special love of Jacob for the child of Rachel without jealousy, and now was ready to go into slavery or to die in his place. Tears filled Joseph's eyes and taking the brothers away from the curious eyes of the Egyptians, he forgave them their wrong to him and laid plans for the bringing of his father and all his family to safety in Egypt.

The man who will give his life for his family has a measure of true greatness in his soul. We may believe that Judah was also remembering the covenant of God with his father and his father's fathers. There was personal love and a sense of divine destiny in Judah's offer. He is one with uncounted thousands of young men who have died on the battlefield for their family and for their nation. They each have played a manly part in God's program for a world where family life is safe and freedom may be-

come the birthright of every child.

## Questions:

*Why did not Joseph forgive his brothers without the tests? Must there always be a price paid for forgiveness? What does this story teach as to God's forgiveness in Christ?*

*"When young folks consider marriage it is well to note attitudes toward parents." Discuss.*

## SEPT. 23rd JOSEPH'S TESTIMONY TO GOD'S PROVIDENCE GENESIS 45:1-15

"BUT the Lord was with Joseph." That is the key to the whole thrilling story of the shepherd lad who became prime minister of Egypt. List the catalog of his afflictions and they are enough to daunt the bravest soul. "But," and there is always a "but" if we have faith to see it, "But the Lord was with Joseph." Not blind fate, not life situations, not climate, or economic forces, or social laws, "but" God rules and overrules all, if we are responsive to His presence.

"God hath made me lord of all Egypt." There was no pride of achievement, no gloating of the confessedly self-made man. The sense of God's part in his life made him fearless for the right. It put heart in him and that is the meaning of courage. When he stood before Pharaoh with the interpretation of his dreams, he claimed no personal cleverness. "What God is about to do, He showeth unto Pharaoh," was his testimony. He could even find God's hand in his betrayal by his brothers: "Ye thought evil against me but God meant it for good." Paul voiced this same faith (Romans 8:28): "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." That was the mark of Joseph's greatness.

WE HAVE no record of a visible presence of God in Joseph's story. He wrestled with no angel as did his father nor did he see heavenly visitors ascending and descending a ladder to the skies. As our Lord said to Thomas (John 20:29): *Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.* It takes spiritual sensitiveness to realize God's presence. Even with all the equipment of worship, with altars, candles, stained glass and soft organ music, it is difficult to hold the assurance that God is present to hear our prayers and accept our sacrifices. How much more difficult to realize Him in the damp darkness of a cistern, or in the seducing luxury of Potiphar's palace, or in the injustice of false imprisonment, or in the ingratitude of the chief butler, or in the robes and ring of Pharaoh.

We Christians have vast advantages  
CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1945 • PAGE 42



over Joseph, for to us this presence is realized in Christ. *Lo, I am with you always* is a promise true as the One who gave it. Christ, all-in-all, always, everywhere, or Christ not-at-all. Let's be done with part-time, fair-weather, emergency, or any other qualified allegiance. Then we will know the joy and courage of our Christian faith.

#### Questions:

*Read Hebrews 11:22 and show what this adds to Joseph's testimony to Providence.*

*What part did human pride play in fomenting the war? How did it contribute to the crucifixion of Christ? Show how the sense of God's Providence conquers this basic human sin.*

SEPT.  
30th

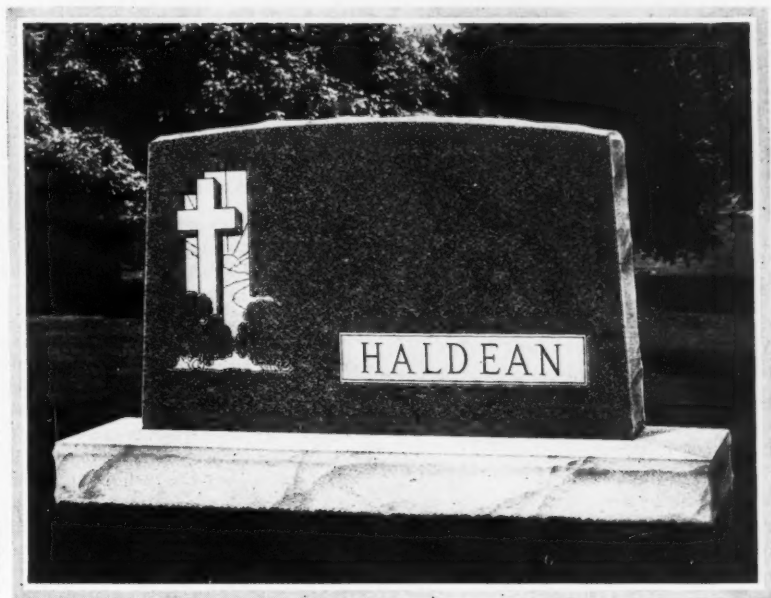
#### THE ISRAELITES IN A FOREIGN LAND

GENESIS 47:1-12

THE sojourn in Egypt was not like the captivities that were to come centuries later upon the kingdoms of Israel and Judah. It was not a stern judgment upon a rebellious people. It was the kindly visitation of Providence. It saved Israel and for many years life was pleasant and prosperous. Indeed their prosperity was to become their undoing. Wisely they chose to live in the land of Goshen, where the land would support their flocks. They were in Egypt but not of Egypt, an agricultural people, and during Joseph's life, the object of special favor from the government. After Joseph's death, they evidently continued unmolested, more ignored by the aristocratic Egyptians than subject to any oppression. They increased from seventy souls to two or three million in about 430 years, which means that they doubled every twenty-five years. Authorities suggest that they had become as numerous as the Egyptians.

We must turn to the first chapters of Exodus to learn the outcome of the stay of the Israelites in Egypt. While Egypt enjoyed a period of great influence in the world during Israel's sojourn, its fortunes were beginning to decline when a Pharaoh, "who knew not Joseph" came to the throne. There was a double reason for a hard policy against Israel: here was slave labor available for an ambitious building program, and there was always the danger that so strong a people might make an alliance with the enemies of Egypt and become masters of their adopted land. All this is anticipating the story of Israel. Genesis leaves God's people contented and prosperous, too contented and too prosperous, to be much concerned about the land of their fathers.

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need to go to Greek and Roman history for tales of brave heroes, dashing forays, romance, intrigue, plots and counterplots and the birth-throes of nations. Yet the story of our Bible is different. There is a pattern into which every nation and every hero fits. It is the record of eternal destiny of God's mighty purposes working toward a far-off divine event. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph—these were great personalities, standing head and shoulders above the men of their times. They were greater for what they were, than for anything they did. With all their weaknesses they were men of God. They were aware of God and leaned on His direction. They trusted God's promises and were willing to sacrifice present goods for eternal blessings.

The story of God's people is full of tragedy and disappointment. They enjoy a generation or two of freedom and peace, and then enemies assail them and disaster seems to deny the covenant of their God. "They may be down, but they are never out!" As we look back upon them with the perspective of the centuries, we can see how God was moulding His people into a nation, not for its own sake, but that it might bless all nations. In no period of Israel's life was the sense of apartness more definitely forced upon them than during the 400 years spent among the race-proud Egyptians. The fires of affliction were constantly burning out the dross and leaving the faithful, worthy remnant to carry on the tradition and one day, to make the birth of a child in Bethlehem possible. Can we find here a philosophy of history for our confused times? Not by blood, or race, but by faith every child born, every nation born, is God's, chosen by God to play a part in realizing the promised land of peace and brotherhood. The blood and sweat and tears of no generation must blind us to its destiny, nor lose for it the glorious certainty of a better world.

### Questions:

List the favorable and unfavorable results for Israel in the sojourn in Egypt.

Give a brief characterization of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph and show the part of each in the plan of God.

### DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 38)

this Psalmist. Three times over in the brief space of nine verses he warns against the pernicious habit of fretting. But why not fret? There are three good reasons against it: First, fretting hurts the one who is fretful. It robs him of peace and joy. Second, since fretting hurts the fretful by making him joyless and disagreeable, it hurts those who have to live with him. Third, fretful folks not only hurt themselves and their fellows, but they are a disappointment to God.

Fret not, therefore, it tends only to evil. Grant us, Lord, that inward peace that makes fretfulness and worry impossible. Amen.

SEPT.  
9

THE LIFE OF FAITH  
PSALM 37:3-7

HERE is one deeply learned in the things of God who is telling us how to live joyfully and abundantly. There are four simple directions. First, "Trust in the Lord and do good." Second, "Delight thyself also in the Lord." This will issue in our having our hearts' desire. Third, "Commit thy way unto the Lord." That is, give yourself entirely to Him. Fourth, having done that, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." Such a course will issue in that rest that does not mean idleness, but that inward peace that alone makes our best work possible.

Help us, Lord, to realize that the just must live by faith. Amen.

SEPT.  
10

WHO WILL WIN THE EARTH?  
PSALM 37:10-15

HERE is the answer to that question: "The meek shall inherit the earth." How perfectly incredible! Yet to this conclusion we are being driven by the hard facts of history. Even if we yet question seriously whether the meek will inherit the earth, we are not so sure as we used to be that the non-meek are going to get it. All of the non-meek nations of the past have destroyed themselves in an effort to inherit it. It would seem that the meek must finally inherit because they are going to be the only ones left alive to inherit anything.

Help us, Lord, in the midst of a world gone mad, to believe in the final triumph of Thy way. Amen.

SEPT.  
11

THE SECRET OF PLENTY  
PSALM 37:10-15

LISTEN to this whole verse: "But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace." That is, they shall delight themselves in the abundance that is born of peace. This abundance is not merely God's reward for our getting along together; such abundance rather follows on the heels of peace as a natural consequence. Ours is a fruitful world. It is so fruitful that managed a-right, no human soul need go hungry. Yet millions are doomed century after century to starvation and death. This is the case, because we waste so much in fighting each other.

Grant to us the wisdom, O Lord, to save ourselves and our children from the want that is the child of war. Amen.

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SEPT.  
12

CLAIMING THE FUTURE  
PSALM 37:33-40

"MARK the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." Here is Moffatt's translation: "Hold to integrity, remain upright, there is a future for the peaceable." This is true for the individual. The peace both in today and tomorrow belongs to the man who being at peace with God is at peace with himself and his brother. This is emphatically true for the nation. Here again we only have to appeal to history. The only nation that has a future is the nation that learns to live at peace. Civilization is certainly doomed unless we as nations learn to live together.

*Help us, Lord, so to live in peace today that we may also claim our tomorrow. For Thy name's sake. Amen.*

SEPT.  
13

WHEN I SLIP  
PSALM 38:11-22

"WHEN my foot slippeth." In this hymnbook of the Jews, we find reflected every mood of the human heart. If we are joyful, there are those who will rejoice with us. If our faces are wet by tears, there are those who will sob with us. If life has become desperately hard, we can find one as hard-pressed as ourselves. Here, for instance, is one who is walking in slippery places. His fellows, instead of helping him, rather magnify themselves against him. But he steadies himself by laying hold on God through prayer. Thus we too may win.

*We thank Thee, Lord, that we may keep our footing in life's slippery places by leaning on Thine everlasting arms.*

SEPT.  
14

OUR SURE HOPE  
PSALM 39:1-7

"MY HOPE is in Thee." Here is a hope that in the busy rush of life may sometimes seem a bit fragile. We feel that we must have something more substantial, like stock or bonds, for instance. Now while these are not to be despised, this fact remains: If you are in search of something that will never let you down in times of either sunshine or shadow, you will find that something in the realm of religion and you will not find it anywhere else. Blessed, therefore, is the man who can sing with this Psalmist, "My hope is in Thee."

*We bless Thee, Lord, for a hope that is steadfast and sure. Amen.*

SEPT.  
15

TEARS THAT PRAY  
PSALM 39:8-13

"HOLD not thy peace at my tears." "Answer thou my tears." is Moffatt's

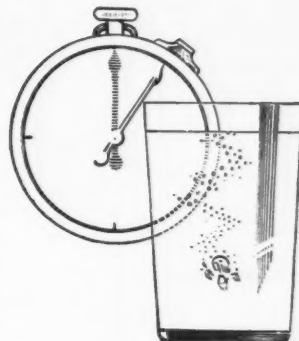
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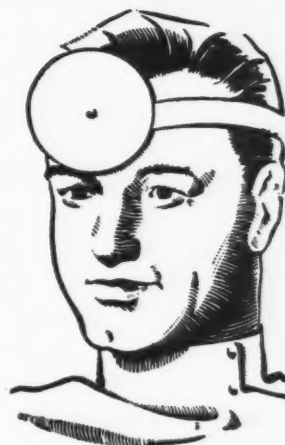
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translation. There are times when we cannot put our prayers into words. When Moses was found, he was weeping. It was his tears that prayed so effectively to the princess who discovered him that she spared his life and adopted him as her own child. If we are mindful of the tears of our children, so our Father will be mindful of those tears that are born of sorrows and longings that we cannot put into words.

*We thank Thee, Lord, that though we cannot pray as we ought, Thy spirit doth help our infirmities. Amen.*

SEPT.

16

WAITING ON GOD

PSALM 40:1-3

"I WAITED patiently for the Lord." So what? Here is a man who can speak on the subject of prayer with an authority to which the wisest who has not prayed, must forever remain a stranger. This is his testimony: "God heard me. He lifted me from a lonesome pit where I was bogged down, and set my feet upon a rock where I was able to walk with steady steps. Not only so, but He put a new song in my mouth that so set my life to music that mine became the added joy of being a benediction to others. Many saw and came to trust in the Lord."

*Lord, grant us to know through experience something of the power of prayer. Amen.*

SEPT.

17

ENJOYING RELIGION

PSALM 40:4-8

"I DELIGHT to do Thy will." Here is a man who is really enjoying his religion, to use an old-fashioned word. Such enjoyment is by no means the experience of all religious people. I have known quite a few for whom their religion seemed sheer drudgery. How pathetic! Perhaps of all the drudges, the religious drudge is the most pathetic. His tragedy is partly in what he suffers, but far more in what he misses. He is making ugly prose of what should be winsome poetry. He is finding a desert where he should find a garden.

*Lord, restore unto us the joy of Thy salvation. Amen.*

SEPT.

18

SHARING EXPERIENCES

PSALM 40:9-11

"I KEPT not to myself Thy saving help." (Moffatt) This man had an experience of God that he felt he must share with his fellows. Such sharing, when wisely done, is twice blessed; it blesses him who speaks and him who hears. It is, I think, most effective when one man speaks to his friend alone. Yet the testimony meeting can be a service

of power. The fact that we of the stronger denominations have so nearly abandoned this type of service to the cults has, in my opinion, not made for our enrichment, but for the opposite. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

*We thank Thee, Lord, for those who have helped make Thee real to us by their witnessing through word and deed. Amen.*

SEPT.

19

NEVER FORGOTTEN

PSALM 40:12-17

"THE Lord thinketh on me." How heartening! To be remembered by a friend is ever a cheering experience. "I was walking through the fields today," writes a companion of other years, "and I found your favorite flower and I thought of you." Such a word is as water to the thirsty. But sometimes such letters fail to come. Friends, even loved ones seem to forget. Once perhaps you were in the thick of things, but now you seem to have dropped out of sight. But there is one friend who has you constantly in mind. That friend is God. Therefore warm your heart with: "The Lord thinketh on me."

*Save us, Lord, from forgetting Thee who dost never forget us. In Jesus Christ's name. Amen.*

SEPT.

20

UNCHRISTIAN PRAYER

PSALM 41

"RAISE me up that I may requite them." "And I will pay them back," is Moffatt's translation. This is a human prayer, but it is the furthest possible from being Christian. This man is not praying for those who have wronged him, but *against* them. Such a prayer for us would be desperately wicked. We are to bless those who curse us and pray for those who spitefully use us. The one condition of our being forgiven, according to Jesus, is our willingness to forgive. No hater can really pray this prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

*Lord, teach us to pray both for friend and foe. Amen.*

SEPT.

21

THE DEER AND THE BROOK

PSALM 42:1-7

"AS THE hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." Years ago I was working in a field on the banks of the Buffalo River. Suddenly I heard the baying of hounds that quickly drew nearer. A little later I saw a deer with the hounds close upon his heels. He was making for the river. If he could only reach that he could escape the hounds and thus find life and

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rest and satisfaction for his thirst. Now just as this brook was the one hope of that deer, even so God is the one hope of this Psalmist and of you and me.

*We thank Thee, Lord, that with Thee is the fountain of life. Amen.*

SEPT.  
22

A CRUEL QUESTION  
PSALM 42:1-10

"WHERE is thy God?" This question was put to a man whose life had fallen in ruins. But why do his cruel tormentors ask such a question and why does the tormented find it so painful? They are all convinced that the fact of suffering means either a powerless or an indifferent God. But God does not propose to save His saints from all suffering. He does propose to pass through such experiences with them. Therefore when this question is put to one who suffers within the will of God the answer is, "God is here, closer than breathing and nearer than hands and feet."

*We thank Thee, Lord, that we need fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless. Amen.*

SEPT.  
23

A SEARCHING QUESTION  
PSALM 42:8-14

WHAT is thy God? This is not as the Psalmist puts it, but it is still important. What is the god of those who, when the war in Europe was ended, kept the ban on religious meetings while lifting it on horse- and dog-racing? The purpose of such racing is to give the gamblers a chance. But why not? Because gambling is based on a false philosophy of life. The gambler proposes to get something for nothing. He is therefore a mixture of rascal and fool. The man who wants to get something for nothing is a rascal. The man who thinks he can do so permanently is a fool.

*Lord, search all our hearts with this question, "What is thy god?" Amen.*

SEPT.  
24

VICTORY OVER FEAR  
PSALM 46:1-5

"THEREFORE will not we fear though the earth be removed." "The world is coming to an end next Friday," one is quoted as saying to Emerson. "Very well," came the quiet answer, "I can get on without it." So could this Psalmist. He faced all that life could do to him or those he loved, with steady eyes. This he did, not because he was either stupid or indifferent, but because he had a vivid sense of God. To have a sure sense of God is to be victorious over fear. Therefore, "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee."

*Lord, grant us the confidence that is*  
PAGE 47 • CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1945

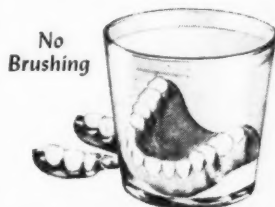
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born of the realization of Thy presence.

SEPT. 25 **BE STILL AND KNOW**  
PSALM 46:4-11

**"BE STILL and know that I am God."** It takes time to know life's finest values. So hurried are we that "little we have in nature that is ours," and still less in God. "The Sabbath was made for man," said Jesus. That is, it fits into human need. One need it once served was to slow down life a bit every seven days so that the busy man might have a better chance to get acquainted with God. There is nothing today that would do so much to cool the fever of our hot and hectic lives as taking time enough really to know God.

*Grant us, Lord, that inward stillness that comes from being still before Thee.*

SEPT. 26 **GOD IS KING**  
PSALM 47

**"GOD is the King of all the earth."** That fact is at once our consolation and our perplexity. If a good God is on the throne why are things in such a mess? At least part of the answer is that God's kingship does not mean that He is a despot. We are free to obey or disobey. Therefore much that we do is contrary to His will. But while God cannot prevent our doing evil, He is not defeated by that evil. He reigns in that no man gets away with anything. He is also King in that He moves always toward victory.

*O Lord, keep firm our faith in Thy kingship and the final victory of righteousness. Amen.*

SEPT. 27 **A HELPFUL SERVICE**  
PSALM 48:8-14

**"WE HAVE thought of Thy loving kindness, O Lord, in the midst of Thy temple."** Here is a man coming from church with the light of an inner joy in his face. At his side perhaps walks another man who is gloomily bewailing the poverty of the service. Yet they went to the same church and maybe occupied the same pew. Why then the difference? This may be the answer: While one of them thought on the shabbiness of the sermon and of the singing, the other thought of the goodness of God. Thus thinking, the wintry fields of his heart were gladdened by spring.

*Help us to realize, O Lord, that the helpfulness of any service depends upon the response we make to Thee. Amen.*

SEPT. 28 **TOTAL LOSS**  
PSALM 49:16-20

**"WHEN he dieth, he shall carry nothing away."** In spite of the fact that this man was quite rich, when he died the world was no poorer in dollars and cents because of his going. This was the case because he left all his money behind him.

A few years ago when a successful worldling died, with strange irony they sang this song at his funeral, "There's a Gold Mine in the Sky." Well if there isn't, there are likely to be some lean days ahead for him. There is only one way to conserve wealth—invest in human personalities. These alone last forever.

*Grant us the wisdom, Lord, to invest in values that last. Amen.*

SEPT. 29 **A PLEASING OFFERING**  
PSALM 50:5-15

**"OFFER to God thanks as a sacrifice."** (Moffatt) This poet is putting his finger on what is fundamental in religion. He is affirming that true religion is of the inner life. The offering that God approves must come from a grateful heart. This does not mean that our Lord is indifferent to our material gifts. But it does mean that His appreciation depends upon the motives that prompt our giving. If God wins the loving gratitude of our hearts He wins all, however little we are able to give. If he fails to win our gratitude He wins nothing, however great our gift.

*Help us, Lord, so to think upon Thy goodness to us that our hearts will overflow with gratitude. Amen.*

SEPT. 30 **MAN'S PET HATE**  
PSALM 50:16-23

**"YOU hate me to control you."** (Moffatt) Thus God, through this ancient poet, points out what we hate most—personal surrender. We are willing to be religious provided we can do so on our own terms. We often seem glad to give God anything except ourselves. Generally speaking, we are afraid to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." But nothing less than unconditional surrender will do. It is only when we submit absolutely to Christ's control that we come to know for ourselves that His yoke is kindly—yes, kindly beyond our dreams.

*Lord, grant us the wisdom to know Thy will and the courage to do it. Amen.*

**TEA-TIME CHAT**

(Continued from page 32)

lot of concrete ideas. I know they will serve to stimulate other church groups to new efforts in keeping contact with their servicemen . . . which is so important. We do want the boys to know that we here in the home church are as anxious about their spiritual welfare as



we are—with our cakes and cookies—about their stomachs.

BY THE WAY, I know you've been in the thick of canning for some time now. Everyone is doing such a good job, it seems to me. And I noticed the other day when I was going through my neighbor Sarah Alliger's pantry, that she has already put aside some choice jars of fruits and vegetables for our church fair. As she finishes each batch, she selects the very finest one and puts it aside.

Because I know that your sugar supply is probably running low, I thought I ought to come to the rescue with a few hints about how to s-t-r-e-t-c-h the little sugar you have. Incidentally, we don't need all the sugar we use in our daily diets. It won't hurt any one in the family to eat a few sugarless desserts, and then of course you want to take advantage of sweets that take the place of sugar; ripe fruit, for instance, will do for several repeats. One "don't" when you are trying to juggle your own recipes and are making substitutions for sugar: Don't try to replace more than one-half of the granulated sugar, called for in cake or cookie recipes, with honey, corn syrup, maple syrup, or molasses unless the recipe has been especially planned to include one of these substitutes.

In canning, there's no law that says you can't do it without sugar. Some folks act awfully surprised when I mention that to them. All fruits may be canned successfully without sugar. Boiling hot fruit-juice or boiling water may be used as the liquid to fill the packed containers. One eighth of a teaspoonful of salt may be added to each quart container for flavor. The fruit can then be sweetened when it is used. A word of warning: If you are planning to "show" any of your fruit, that canned without sugar will not have the same color, or texture as that using sugar.

Now I just can bet someone will say, "That's all right for fruits, but what about jelly?" I have an answer for that too, first can your fruit juices by pasteurizing them, and later on in the season when your sugar supply is better, get out the fruit juices and make your jelly. Yes? Of course you can cut down on the amount of sugar you put in jellies and jams by using three-quarters of a cup to each cup of fruit; or by replacing one half the amount of sugar called for with milk honey (corn syrup may replace one-quarter the amount of sugar) and then the jelly should be cooked beyond the jelly stage. I hope that will help some.

I was spending a bit of a vacation with a friend of mine in a little town just a few miles from here. And how I always manage to get in on a church meeting, beats all get-out! Like a busman's holiday, I guess. Anyhow, there I was, right in the midst of great plans for the

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- ☐ A starvation diet
- ☐ A new girdle

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Which proverb applies here?

- ☐ All that glitters is not gold
- ☐ Handsome is as handsome does
- ☐ Beauty is only skin deep

Okay . . . suddenly your face needs a retread. But why make it a public project? It's bad manners. What's more, it de-glamourizes a gal. "Handsome is as handsome does"—so do your patchwork in the powder room. And remember, loveliness is lost without *daintiness*, especially on "those" days. Choose Kotex.

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church's Victory Garden Fair. The committee was having quite a time deciding what to do and how to do it. I was wishing that I had taken along a letter sent to me by Mrs. J. F. Carothers of Clarence, Mo., because she wrote in some detail about a Harvest Festival which is a tradition in her church and I like the idea so much because it combines the spiritual with the social and the material. Mrs. Carothers has done a grand job of giving us the particulars. I'm just sorry I can't share her whole letter with you. Her church of some 350 members looks forward to the Harvest Festival. Mrs. Carothers says: "We plan the decorations very, very carefully: lovely fall flowers, golden rod, Spanish needle, those perfect gold things that blaze by the acre. Mrs. Jones has a beautiful fern, so she lends it. Mr. Smith raises chrysanthemums by the wagonloads, and he cuts and cuts until there are huge basketfuls everywhere.

"The Soliciting Committee meets and writes cards to each family using a tricky verse on which the date, place, time, etc., of the Festival are stated. The local newspaper joins in with 'Don't forget the Harvest Festival.' Then we pay for one good ad in the issue just before the Festival. The Dinner Committee and Table Committee get their heads together, and plan the tables (in the basement), and set them out in all their glory of white table clothes, pretty napkins, and lovely shallow bowls of flowers. Someone has late pansies floating in one bowl, someone else cuts beautiful asters, another cuts late tea roses. No bride's table was any more hovered over and lovingly decorated than these. . . Then late Saturday, people begin bringing in their gifts. Canned goods, that women have set aside all summer, a choice jar for 'Their Gift'. We laugh, visit, admire. . . it's fun, it's work, it's a blessing doing this of our church.

"Sunday morning we have a special service, special music, and the minister preaches a sermon on sharing and giving, and our hearts are ready for it. Each family has brought a basket for this feast. The ladies empty the baskets, and we take a plate and file by long tables heaped with women's accomplishments. Then when we finish eating, the Chairman arises and the program, which is an institution, follows. The produce is sold the following Monday in our little city park, to some real high bidding. It brings money that we need, and it brings something that every one can share in, rich or poor, active or shut-in."

What a rich experience for all those who take part and for those who attend! To my mind this is an ideal way to raise money, never forgetting that the money is but a means, that the end is the deepening of the spiritual life of the church.

See you next month!

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1945 • PAGE 50

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(Continued from page 17)

leaders of youth—and youth stays away from us in droves. It's no secret that if the Sunday school goes on as it is going now, we will have no Sunday schools at all within a few generations. The Congregationalists (as Dr. Poling's editorial had it last month) have had a decrease of 20 percent in their Sunday schools in the last ten years, the Presbyterians and Episcopalians have each lost 19 percent, the Methodists 13 percent.

We've offered youth everything from the Golden Gate Bridge to a fifteen-cent box of candy at Christmas, thinking we could bribe them with that—and still they leave us! We've given them milk bars, gymnasiums, summer camps, rum-pus rooms and picnics—and they want none of it, none of us. We've made it ridiculously easy to join the church; we've watered down the requirements and apologized for the requirements we've kept; we've made a lot of our churches ninety percent country club or recreation hall and ten percent gospel hall—and along comes Jack Wyrzten and all the rest of the Youth-For-Christ leaders, offering youth nothing but the plain unvarnished Gospel we thought they didn't want, asking of them only that they change their whole way of thinking and their whole way of living. And youth goes for it not in dribbles, not by two's and three's, but by the thousand! Something goes on here that cannot be laughed off. What all the denominations have not been able to do, with all their resources, organization and "highly trained experts," these men have done outside the Church. They have cut clean across denominational lines; they laugh at sectarianism; they even disregard the old division-lines of Gospel that has made them fishers of youth without equal in our times.

Maybe they're wrong. Maybe Jack Wyrzten is wrong; maybe what he's doing will not last. Only time and the Lord will tell us that, and Wyrzten, for one, is willing to stand that test. But this much is as plain as the noses on our faces: This is a major religious phenomenon of our day, stirring youth as youth has not been stirred for a generation. It is a completely spontaneous spiritual eruption. Without the aid of any denominational or organized religious machinery whatever, without a single expert borrowed from any Church board, these men are getting the decisions for Christ that the Church has failed to get.

Is it they who are wrong—or us? Can it be that we have the wrong technique with youth in the Church? And can it be that we have been offering them stones, in the form of gymnasiums and recreation rooms, rather than bread in the form of the Gospel?

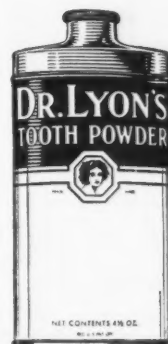
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### OUR HANDS

(Continued from page 21)

"artistic hands." This theory is as unfounded as the one that says it's bad luck to walk under a ladder.

Some years ago, when I was commissioned to sculpture the hands of Mischa Elman, the violin virtuoso. I had expected to find his fingers long and tapering, whereas the sculptured hands I have in my studio show that they are somewhat short and inclined to stubbornness.

The hands of a musician must be strong, flexible and delicate to the touch. Beyond that there is no prescribed



RAY SHAW

standard. The hands of most musicians, however, are square-palmed, strong-wristed, with fingers of medium size or short—seldom are they long. The great Paderewski had such hands. They were strong, well-developed, flexible, wide-palmed, with fingers of medium length. The tips were rather blunt, *not* pointed—but they were delicate and sensitive.

Vladimir Horowitz high-priest of the piano, has hands that are large and fingers that are fairly long—but he is the exception, not the rule.

Now LET'S explore some of the hand customs. The most familiar of them all, of course, is the handshake. Its origin goes back to the days when every man was his own policeman and lawmaker. When two persons met—friends, or strangers wishing to become acquainted—they offered one another their hands. In some lands they touch palms, in others, each folds his own hands in front of him or raises one in mid-air. Basically it means the same: Here is my hand—it is empty. I have no concealed weapons.

An inspiring gesture is that of hands folded in prayer. Hands have always been symbolic of life, strength, authority—and when they are folded in prayer

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1945 • PAGE 52

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all their power is surrendered. Man recognizes a force greater than himself. By folding his hands he admits the limitations of his power.

We are all familiar with the drawing, "Praying Hands," by Albrecht Durer but I wonder how many know the story behind these hands? There are many tales connected with them. One authority tells us that Durer's wife was an ogre, and so one day after a fierce quarrel Albrecht Durer drew his own hands folded in prayer asking Almighty God for deliverance from her.

Another story about "Praying Hands," and a more inspiring one which I would like to believe to be true is: Albrecht Durer always wanted to paint, but his father insisted that he become a goldsmith and carry on the family trade. The young man rebelled and left home. In his wanderings he met a friend who also had great ambitions to be an artist. They decided to live and study together, but neither of them could go on with his art studies because there was no money. One day the friend, who was older than Albrecht, made the suggestion that one of them get a job, work, while the other pursues his art education. And when the one who is studying begins to sell his art, he can work and let the second one study.

Durer thought the idea a good one and offered to go out and work and let his friend go to art school, but his friend objected on the ground that he was older, had already been offered a job, and furthermore, he didn't have the talent Durer possessed.

And thus Durer worked day and night



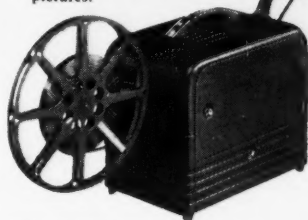
THE HANDS OF MISCHA ELMAN, SCULPTURED BY RAY SHAW

at his art, and his friend supported him by scrubbing floors, washing dishes, chopping wood, peeling potatoes—and optimistically looking forward to the day when he would return to school.

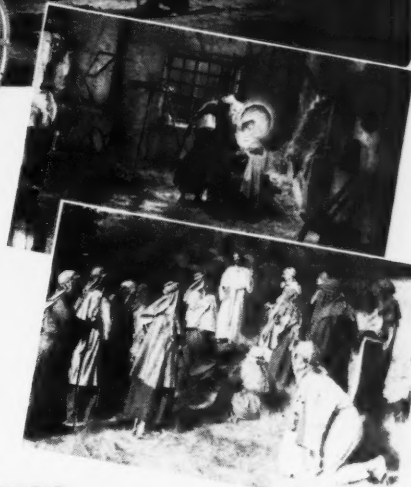
At last the day arrived. Durer sold his first woodcarving. The money he received would be sufficient to keep them fed and sheltered for quite a while. And so the friend left his job and went back to painting. But something strange had happened. The rough work had stiffened the muscles in his hands and gnarled his



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fingers so that he couldn't hold a brush—hard as he tried, he couldn't paint.

When Durer learnt about it, he said to his friend: "I can never give you back the skill and sensitivity in your hands, but what I can and will do is draw your hands as they are now—folded in prayer, so that the whole world may know the meaning of true friendship."

What more beautiful tale can be told about a pair of hands?

### WILL HISTORY BE REPEATED?

(Continued from page 29)

and traditions as there are peoples. All we need to do to live together in peace is to know a little bit of the laws of psychology and a whole lot about religion.

I'm convinced that there is still a good deal of family life in the world despite what we hear so frequently about the disintegration of the family. Of course, if there is no family life, then we'll not know what the basic principles of family life are, and we'll be unable to look upon the world as a family. God pity us if that is so. But it is not so; and if just a bit of the principles that hold families together is put into practice when peace comes, we'll hold the family of nations together in peace.

Can we build the Christian community on the basis of understanding, forgiveness, and love, instead of revenge? In the body of these sayings of Jesus is what the world has called the Golden Rule: *Do unto others as ye would that men should do unto you.* I wonder how many times I have heard men say, "That's my religion." I've had no reason to doubt their sincerity. In their dealings with individuals they've gone a long way toward living up to the Golden Rule. How many times too have I heard it said, "Don't retaliate in kind. Show yourself above revenge and retaliation." That's been said in homes. It has been said in colleges to students, and it has been said to athletes in the field of sport. It has been said in business. There is nothing that so much shows up a man or a woman as the spirit of "getting even."

Well, if this is the thing in which we so much believe in our relationships one with the other, why can't we carry it out into the larger affairs of the world? Out to the place where the doing, or the not doing of it, will mean either more blood and tears, or a secure peace.

*Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it. "Either," as Lin Yutang says, "Jesus was a liar or he was not. The nations will have to make up their minds."*

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(Continued from page 14)

matches that of those who are older."

It looks now as though Georgia will have the first streamlined post-war civil constitution in the history of the United States. Georgia has had seven constitutions and operates now under the constitution of 1877.

Until Governor Arnall came, parole was a racket in this state. There were 5000 pardons a year under the "divine right of kings" principle, and the governor himself, in this field at least, was monarch of all he surveyed. Arnall's parole commission takes this machine-building prerogative away from the chief executive.

Certainly not all public men in the South and very few in the North deal as frankly with the race issue as does this man. First off, he insists, "The race issue is not a race issue—it is an economic issue." Here he has the support of great Negro leaders. He hastens to add that there are race particulars and he does not blink the serious facts, but he does believe that if the Negro is given his economic opportunity, his right to work and earn and achieve without prejudice to his color, all other things will gradually be resolved.

Always this man impresses one as being a realist in human affairs. He said, "One-third of the people of Georgia are Negroes and if Negroes are poor, underprivileged, uneducated, then one-third of the people of Georgia are poor, underprivileged, and uneducated. If Negroes are discriminated against so they cannot work and earn, so that they cannot live and advance, then one-third of the people of Georgia are in just this fix, and all of Georgia suffers accordingly."

More recently Ellis Arnall won a sweeping victory before the Supreme Court, not only for the South, but for the West and Middle West. He spent a night with the Constitution of the United States, searching for the spot where he could move in to strike effectively at discriminatory freight differentials. Already he has covered the West and Middle West as champion of this wide economic freedom upon which he believes the future progress of the whole nation in some measure depends. Speaking of this, he remarked, "Ten years from now all these measures that affect only Georgia, vital as they are to us, will be largely forgotten. But fifty years and a century from now, what we do to solve the problem of freight differentials will build or help break America."

His original suit filed last December is but the opening of the campaign. Even as I sat with him he was moving in to strike at the Bulwinkle Bill, backed by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the railroads, which he said would

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nullify the decision obtained from the United States Supreme Court and "protect the railroads against the rights of the people."

Georgia's governor does not mince words. He demands that the Interstate Commerce Commission immediately rectify the injustices in transportation rates or resign. Then he added, "America has come upon peculiar times when the discredited I.C.C. would have Congress legalize conspiracy, fraud and crime against the people of the United States." This man uses fighting words. He does not leave you in doubt as to what he means. Here also he is a match for his predecessor!

Since my talk with the governor, the Interstate Commerce Commission has announced a ten percent decrease in freight rates for the South and West with corresponding increase for New England and the East. The South is jubilant, but New England and the East register a deep and bitter protest. To these great industrial sections of America, the governor's triumph looks like their defeat and perhaps disaster.

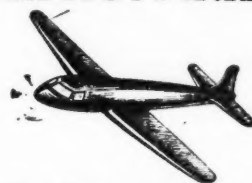
Certainly not all Georgians are equally enthusiastic about their governor. Discredited politicians, mountbanks and demagogues are particularly violent in their denunciations, but there are worthy citizens, too, who disagree and criticize. Some of these feel that the governor sacrifices or too quickly turns away from some matters he at first supported. And it is my impression that he does not care to be in all things always consistent, provided he never sacrifices a principle. At this point I had the feeling that Governor Arnall of Georgia has a great deal in common with Governor Stassen of Minnesota.

I think I got the answer to my question, "What is the background of this man and the secret of his strength?" when I came to religion. Ellis G. Arnall is a Christian. He says, "A man without religion is without too much! In a baffling world he will be baffled. For me, religion is Christianity, though I regard and honor every man's faith."

He is a member of a Baptist church—there are more than a million Baptists in Georgia—and before he went off to college he taught a Bible class. Throughout his public life he has been identified with the Sunday school. As a student he read the New Testament in Greek, and he still reads it. He was a Christian youth leader in high school and college and in his high-school days was actively identified with the Hi-Y. "Religion," he said to me, "is grounded in faith rather than reason, but it is not against reason. I go to church to get a lift and what I get does not depend upon what the preacher says. A man's faith and religious experience are very personal matters, but it doesn't mean much—I think it is worth-

**CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1945 • PAGE 56**

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less—if it doesn't express itself in public life."

Ellis Arnall went first to Mercer College in Macon; he graduated from the University of the South, and then took law at the University of Georgia. A picture that hangs in the chapel of the University of the South has, I think, profoundly affected the mind and heart of Georgia's governor. Again and again in his campaign he referred to it in these words:

In the chapel of the college I attended hung a great oil painting, a painting of a desert scene. The artist had painted pilgrims on their journey across the desert. They were weary and way-worn, footsore, tired and thirsty. In the lower lefthand, foreground corner, the artist had painted a great rock that cast a shadow. In the shadow of the rock flowed a stream of crystal water. Some of the pilgrims had managed to gain this shadow. Beneath the painting was an inscription—an inscription that burned itself into my mind and heart: 'Faith is like the shadow of a great rock in a desert place.' And so it is that we must have faith that intelligence will triumph over ignorance, that tolerance will win out over prejudice, that love will supplant hatred. We must have faith that the people of Georgia are determined to have a reputable government which will prove serviceable to them and their welfare. We must have faith that there is yet a God who shapes the destiny of mankind and that America under God's guidance will move forward to achieve for its people their true destiny.

One of my Georgia friends told me that he thought Ellis Arnall closed practically every one of his campaign speeches with these lines from Henry Van Dyke, or at least with their sentiment, in which a worthy pride is companioned by a sound humility:

*Four things a man must learn to do  
If he would make his record true;  
To think without confusion clearly;  
To love his fellow men sincerely;  
To act from honest motives purely;  
To trust in God and Heaven securely.*


Governor Arnall closed his inaugural address with another immortal quotation which begins, "Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown . . ." and then added, "and so with God's help we will do our best for Georgia."

Following the war between the states, Henry Grady became the first voice speaking from the South to command the nation. Not since Grady's time has any other man so captured the attention of the country as has Ellis G. Arnall. Only the future will determine his ultimate quality and size, but his future is in front of him!

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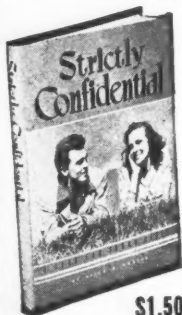
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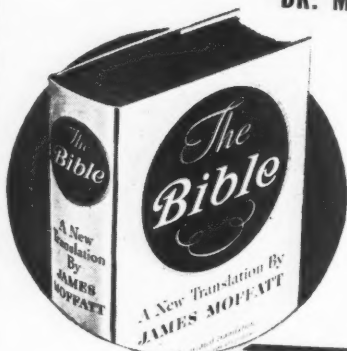
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## The NEW BOOKS

By

DANIEL A. POLING

ALEXANDER BARMINE'S ONE WHO SURVIVED is difficult to place. Definitely anti-Stalin, bitterly, vividly, and at times convincingly anti-Stalin. Also it is, or seems to be by contrast perhaps, pro-Trotsky. From the American standpoint this would mean that the author preferred the original Communist formula of world revolution and that his philosophy was Communism "pure and undefiled"—uninfluenced by democratic trends that under Stalin more and more appear. "I know the Stalin regime in Russia," the author writes. "I have lived my life under it. I know that it is tyranny in its most total and most devastating form. . . . Those who in their enthusiasm for a powerful ally . . . blind themselves to this fact are doing a terrible injury both to civilization as a whole and to the Russian people." Nor does he give the Stalin government credit for victory. "The miracle of victory in Russia happened not because of the genius of the dictator. . . . It happened because of the vast spaces, the snow, the mud, lend-lease aid and, most decisive, the fierce resistance of the Russian people." The book is a unique biography and, as a personal document, outstanding.

Edmund Stevens is one of the most conscientious war correspondents of this period. In RUSSIA IS NO RIDDLE he writes lucidly and intimately and from the heart of the battle scene. For six years he lived, worked and studied in Russia where he married a former teacher from a collective farm in the Soviet Union. This volume is in striking contrast to ONE WHO SURVIVED. They should be read together.

Will Hays resigned from the cabinet of the President whose successful political campaign he had directed, not only to organize the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., commonly known as The Hays Office, but to save the industry from destroying itself as a free American enterprise. The motion picture had grown up through conflict by daring and sheer adventure, but as another has written, "It had become as ungovernable as a hurricane, as unpredictable as an avalanche." Its leaders were showmen and knew how to attract the public, but many of them had so abused and outraged American public opinion that when Will Hays answered the call of the industry,

"pictures" were headed straight for national censorship, if not even more drastic control. **THE HAYS OFFICE**, by Raymond Moley is factual, timely and vivid.

For me at least, the timeliest and most informative book on South America that has yet appeared is Roland Hall Sharp's **SOUTH AMERICA UNCENSORED**. It smashes a good deal of previous information—or misinformation. The jungles of fascism are penetrated, explored and scathingly condemned. Of the Argentine he writes, "South American fascists, especially in Argentina, clung with fanatical zeal to their expectations of a world in which democracy would have no place." But while Argentina is the fascist spearhead, she is not alone. Indeed if we follow this brilliant journalist, who is staff correspondent on Latin-American affairs for the *Christian Science Monitor*, only Chile has "a breath of freedom," and little Uruguay is the one "democratic bulwark." The interpretation of good neighborliness is timely and convincing. The illustrations are excellent. Perhaps the most startling disillusionment comes with the affirmation, which is documented, that South America's natural resources have been overpublicized and greatly exaggerated. But then you'd better read the book!

**AGAINST THESE THREE**, by Stuart Cloete I find one of the most eloquently written books of a decade. It is the profoundly moving picture of South Africa done upon a broad historical canvas and brought to life in three personalities: Paul Kruger, the leader of the Boers; Cecil Rhodes, empire builder; and Lobengula, last of the "earth-shaking" Kaffir kings. The life of each of these men was a battle royal and in these pages the struggle of the giants is joined. The author's comparison of his three monumental figures leaves Rhodes supreme. Jan Christian Smuts, the field marshal of today, receives generous attention. The comparison between Rhodes and Kruger in the closing paragraphs is a bit of very fine writing, though as the author expresses it, there could be little comparison "between the bull and the eagle." The illustrations and maps are excellent.

Edgar Snow—a brilliant writer, one of the most brilliant our generation has produced in the field of international affairs, and a recognized authority on Asiatic powers—interprets Russia's role in Europe and the world in his most recent book, **THE PATTERN OF SOVIET POWER**. No man is better informed and he offers here a direct reply to Russia's critics with an eloquent and factual reminder that Russia it was that stemmed the tide of fascism. Many will not agree with the chapter on "The Two Chinas." Here I for one prefer the leadership of Congressman Walter Judd to that of Edgar Snow.

**DRAGON HARVEST**, by Upton Sinclair is the latest novel in this distinguished author's Lanny Budd series—though each novel is complete in itself—and covers the period immediately before and then through the opening ordeals of World

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War II. The young American "art dealer," and of course he is still well under forty, is all over Europe, the intimate of distinguished politicians and statesmen, including Hitler and his high-ranking associates. Of course, the typical Lanny Budd episodes and intimacies are not neglected. The central figure of the over-lengthy novel continues to be fortunate in his unlimited supply of cash and equally fortunate in his escapes from detection as the undercover agent of his government. How does he escape being run to earth? This reviewer is repeatedly astounded at the dumbness of the Axis! The description of the rescue at Dunkirk is tremendous—perhaps the finest thing of its kind that fiction has produced in this war.

ONE WHO SURVIVED, by Alexander Barmine. (Putnam, 337 pp., \$3.75)

RUSSIA IS NO RIDDLE, by Edmund Stevens. (Greenberg, 300 pp., \$3.00)

THE HAYS OFFICE, by Raymond Moley. (Bobbs, Merrill, 266 pp., \$3.75)

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AGAINST THESE THREE, by Stuart Cloete. (Houghton, Mifflin, 472 pp., \$3.50)

THE PATTERN OF SOVIET POWER, by Edgar Snow. (Random House, 219 pp., \$2.75)

DRAGON HARVEST, by Upton Sinclair. (Viking, 703 pp., \$3.00)

### BOOKS IN BRIEF

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HOME TO INDIA, by Santha Rama Rau. (Harper, 236 pp., \$2.50) Delightful! An Indian girl, educated in England, goes home to find as many conflicts between the Indians themselves as between Hindus and British. She finds no solution for the vexing "Indian problem," but gives us a little gem of a book. F.S.M.

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## REFLECTED GLORY

(Continued from page 35)

notice their own failures so much."

The motley stack of letters in the corner cupboard grew, and seemed to accuse him, too. "Maybe you quit too soon, Mr. Gunny. Maybe the evidence isn't all in, yet."

He would sleep better if he could find out for sure. Fred and Joe and Thomas in Italy. Even Corky—somewhere out there in the Pacific. Boys he had helped.

Mr. Gunny sorted the sheaf of letters with tender fingers. "I'll ask each the same question. Something like, 'Dear Jim. You're a hero now. Tell me truthfully: Is there a single thing you and I did or learned at Josephsville School which helps you today in any way?'"

It was something like standing up to the Great Bench and asking judgment.

That night Mr. Gunny sat at the kitchen table. He crossed his lanky legs and wiped his glasses. But the words wouldn't come. It would be whining, asking for compliments. He simply couldn't do it.

Instead, he sorted out Corky's last letter and re-read it. Sprawled, ill-spelled words. Snatches. It would be nice to see Corky again. To giggle over a boner. Play ball with.

The words came quickly then. He wrote, scarcely able to keep up. Not Corky—this happened lately. But Corky's red face and sleeves too far up gangling arms, and the broken window, and a long ways from chickens. Corky would like that letter. Corky would answer right back.

There was the rest of June. There was all of July and still no letter from Corky.

Mr. Gunny knew, then. His recent hope had been born of final desperation. Even Corky considered him an old fogey now, and had discarded him.

The sudden appearance of Corky's picture in the Liberty Star in August jarred Mr. Gunny. The words, too, hit like a blow. "Local Boy Sinks Enemy Transport. Sgt. Carl Smith, First Of Liberty County To Be Decorated." Corky's trim, solemn picture.

Mr. Gunny's heart beat fast as he hurried from the mail box. Something bulged inside him. He read fast, stopped, then hurried to show Mary.

"Emanuel, what on earth—"

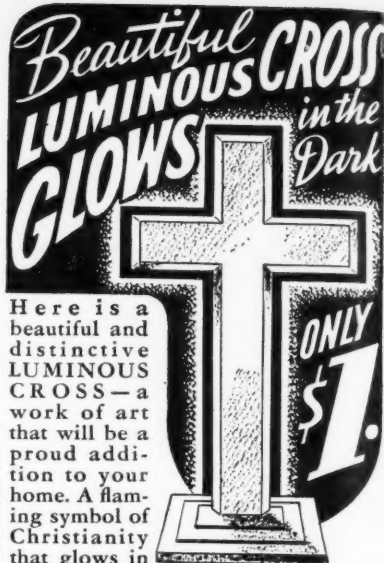
Mr. Gunny couldn't speak. He pushed the Star at her, turned and blew hard into his handkerchief.

Corky's letter came ten days later. Most of it was between the lines. It rounded out Mr. Gunny's world.

Dear Mr. Gunny.

I been awful busy. Don't believe all you hear about me. It was the funniest thing. I coulda outrun them four Zeros with one whole motor shot away and was about ready to head for home plate when

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1945 • PAGE 62



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some armor busted off with the bullets and conked me smack on the dome. I was in Josephsville again it seemed like. I was sure dazed. From that I got to seeing that day me and you hunted pheasants with Bob. And you saying not to leave cripples. By then I kinda come to. The others had left. But Susie, that's my ship, had two good eggs that I hadn't split. I seen that Nip boat below like a chip on Wilsons Canal. I thought that's just like that pheasant that day and Mr. Gunny wouldn't leave no cripple. So I peeled off and let them Japs have it and that's about what it was like . . .

Mr. Gunny could see, now. It wasn't just Corky and his bomber and a Japanese transport. That was just a symbol. Maybe better teachers could have made Corky more precise. The Japanese and Germans were precise and disciplined. That's why they were formidable.

The difference was that Corky, like Ramona, had been trained for life. Not death. There were ten million Corkies. Corkies with unbridled freedom and initiative in their blood. When the chips were down and it was man to man, they won every time. Something of Corky's decision had been his!

The week before Josephsville School was to reopen for the fall term, Mary came out to where he was by the chicken runs. She seemed to know what he was thinking. "What will it be like to go back, Emanuel?"

He thought of Corky. His eyes were bright. "I'm not a very good teacher of subjects, Mary. I guess I'll just go on about like I have."

#### I WAS CHAPLAIN ON A PRISON SHIP

(Continued from page 25)

boiled" toward religion, to say the least. Yet, six of the thirty officers on the ship requested religious services the first Sunday of the voyage.

I asked my interpreter whether the men in the German army had had any opportunity for religious worship. His answer was a flat "No!"

But while there were no public religious services below-decks, there developed quite an interest in religious literature among the prisoners. A man could read a New Testament or a tract in perfect safety from spying officers, where he didn't dare worship out loud. We gave out some 150 Bibles and prayer-books; Otto passed out all the tracts we had, and they were read and thumbed to tatters. We learned something on that trip: thereafter, a stock of German Bibles and New Testaments was stocked.

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deck, and the other twenty-two below. They asked mostly for cards, checkers and chess; we even dipped into the recreational material supplied for the crew, and gave it to them.

Gradually, they began to "loosen up" under this treatment. They began to sing a little. I'll never forget one fellow who had an accordion; he went down into the sick bay and played hours on end, played the old German songs they all knew—and they shouted them! They sang a lot at night, after lights were out, and the singing was good. Members of the ship's crew often gathered to listen, which inspired the prisoners to really get down to it. Evidently, every German youngster has early training in voice; he loves to sing, and that is a virtue that should be cultivated.

I've been asked a thousand times, since that trip, "What was the attitude of these prisoners?" Well, in general, they were cooperative; apparently they appreciated anything we tried to do for their comfort. They were especially grateful for cigarettes, toilet articles, food and reading material. So far as I know, there were no disciplinary problems. The sick men, even though they could not understand English, expressed their pleasure when we tried to help them by a nod or a smile. Those who had special tasks assigned to them did them well. Their living quarters were kept clean and orderly, and their personal appearance was neat. They set a good example of courtesy and respect for those in authority over them.

I said at the time and I still say: "The spark of religious faith is still within them, still there!" It is there, even though they do not let you see it, even though they are afraid to let you see it. Even though in their long service in the German Army they have had no chance to express it. If there have been teachers and preachers to give them Christian truths while they were in this country, and to give them opportunities to worship, then they may already have been started back along the road to Christianity.

And I feel deeply, too, that it is vitally important to set before these men an example of Christian good will. I am firmly convinced that it will help to win the German nation to a real Christianity, and to give her a real peace, if America will treat these segments of the enemy with friendliness. We need not "pamper" them, need not lavish a mawkish sentimentality or misguided kindness upon them, but normal consideration and a Christian attitude will do much to win them back to Christ. There is no place for vengeance in a plan for permanent peace. America is unworthy of that. Christ's way, and the only way, back to peace with these erstwhile enemies is the way of love, justice and good will.

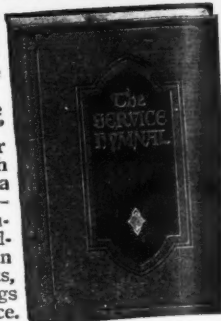
I learned that on my prison-ship!

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1945 • PAGE 64

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(Continued from page 24)

"I am only an Ambaca carrier, what do I know of the brutal customs of the pagan Libolo people?"

"Lenguluka" called the nurse, and her carriers broke into a fast trot, closely followed by those of the other *tipoi*.

When they reached the river bank, they saw Mvunji walking out over the crocodile-infested Quanza River on a fallen tree, the roots of which still clung to the moist loam of the bank while its top branches rested on the river bottom in midstream. Across the river a crocodile slid noiselessly into the current. From upper midstream showed the head of another.

Mvunji stopped and fumbled with the folds of her cloth. From the shore came impatient cries, demanding that she hurry and finish the job. Domingas suddenly stopped crying, and a great wave of maternal love welled up within her mother. How she loved her baby! Could Domingas be a witch? By the standard tests of her people she was, unquestionably. Domingas had cut an upper tooth first; yes, a witch she was, and a witch's death she must die. Slowly the spirit of the tribe entered Mvunji and she began to relinquish her grasp on the baby.

"Mama! Hold that baby!" It was a strong command in her own language. Turning, Mvunji saw a white woman standing on the river bank at the foot of the fallen tree. Miss Lindquist was now talking in a softer, yet still a commanding voice, saying, "Behold, the sun is not set. Why destroy the little one before the required time? Bring her to me that I may verify her crime. My! what a fat child she is! The spirits certainly have been kind to her until now. Come, Mama, bring your child that I may see her."

Slowly Mvunji retraced her steps over the fallen tree, her toes clinging firmly to the rough bark.

When Mvunji reached shore with her baby, Miss Lindquist carefully placed a finger in the baby's mouth. Yes, it was true; an upper tooth had been cut first; according to Bantu tradition Domingas was a witch. During the seconds which followed, Miss Lindquist's mind was active. The child should be saved, but that would require immediate action. She and Mabel were forty miles from home—a march of two days in Africa's hot sun.

At first vaguely, then with increasing force, there raced through her mind, words, phrases, a sentence read just that morning before the day's trek had begun: *In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me.* Doubts faded as duty's vision clarified.

Marie Lindquist raised her hand to silence the grumbling crowd. "O people

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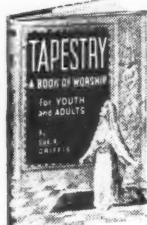
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of Bango-uango," she began, "you whose history is full of deeds of valor; you who follow in the train of the noble Queen Jinga, hear me:

"According to your social standards, this baby is a witch. Your traditions call for her immediate destruction, as do also the spirits of your ancestors. You are to be praised for your obedience to the demands of the unseen members of your community. But have you never heard that Nzambi (God) who created you, also sent His Son to be the great Chief over all spirits? This Son told us to protect the lives of little children. Have you never heard it? Nzambi loves all children."

The village headman, dressed in two leopard skins, came forward until he stood directly in front of the two white women. Speaking for his people he carefully weighed each word: "Children we love; monstrosities we fear and hate. This is no child. The spirit of no ancestor dwells in her. This thing (indicating Domingas) has been sent by evil spirits to curse us. Tonight we shall sleep in peace. The sun is now touching the tops of yonder trees. Before its warm glow leaves us shivering, we shall have served our community as ordered by our ancestors."

Pulling Domingas from her perch on Mvunji's back, he thrust her into Miss Lindquist's arms saying as he did so, "This white woman meddled in our affairs; let the curse fall on her." Ejaculations of approval seconded this decision. Now confident of the support of his villagers, the headman hurried the missionaries and the now screaming Domingas to the river's edge and into the waiting canoe. As they reached the middle of the stream, the sun slid behind the hills.

The villagers, satisfied with the achievement of the day, disappeared into the heavy underbrush which covered the path to the village. Mvunji alone stood on the river's bank following with eye and ear and heart that which until a few hours ago had been her much loved Domingas. When straining eyes and ears could no longer detect the whereabouts of the departing party, Mvunji too turned and entered the thicket.

TUESDAY had been an exceptionally tedious day. From eleven until nearly three, the returning caravan had been forced to rest, so intense was the heat. Now it was almost suppertime, so Marie and Mabel knew their fellow missionaries would be worried because they had not arrived as they had promised to when they had set out on their journey six days before. They could send no word; they could only plod on.

At dusk the carriers crossed the last stream and the little caravan began its mile climb to the mission station on the

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knoll. Domingas who had spent most of the last two days crying, had taken some goat's milk in mid-afternoon and now was asleep in Mabel's *tipoiá*. Mabel trudged wearily along at the rear of the caravan.

Arriving before the mud house in which the five missionaries lived, they were greeted immediately by their three relieved housemates. Mabel sank down upon the stone steps as practical Lucile hurried to make a pot of hot tea to refresh the weary travelers. Over the tea cups, the situation of the sleeping Domingas was discussed. Before a decision was reached, Titia, the African dormitory matron joined them. Titia had been the second wife of Hombo. When he and his two wives had become Christians, Titia, having been barren, offered to leave the mud hut she called home so Hombo and Demba, his first wife, could join the church. Later, she had been engaged as matron in the girls' dormitory.

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**HOUSE OF LECHLER**

saw the sleeping baby. Quickly she approached Lucile Smiley, the oldest of the women and consequently the superior of the station. "Mama," said she, "I have been barren. Of necessity I have given up the joy which you have sacrificed willingly for Christ's kingdom. Is it possible that at last God has sent this child to gladden my lonely life?"

It was just the solution. Stooping over, she carefully lifted the sleeping baby to her heart. The missionaries rose to enter their home while Titia proudly walked to her hut in the corner of the compound with the warm little body tied securely to her back.

At midnight Marie was awakened from sound sleep by some commotion below her window. Someone was clapping hands and calling her name. Stepping into her housecoat, she went outdoors. Two of the older school girls simultaneously told the same story: Baby Domingas was crying. Nothing appeased her. Titia sent to ask if the nurse had anything to suggest.

Marie quickly built a fire in the kitchen range to heat milk. . . . Probably the child was hungry . . . of course, she was. As an afterthought, she moved the teakettle onto the fire so hot water would be available, just in case. . . .

Armed with a nursing bottle full of warm milk, Marie followed the girls to the house from which a pale light issued. On the mud floor sat Titia, and in her arms the wiggling, crying Domingas. The baby had scratched herself, and the blister scabs had given way to trickles of blood. Domingas would not take the bottle. The pressure of the nipple on her sore lips made her cry harder. Marie, in struggling with her, placed her hand on the baby's forehead, then whistled in surprise, so hot was the little head. From her kit, she took a thermometer. The baby's temperature was dangerously high. Taking a blood smear, Marie hurried to the laboratory. Before going, she asked the girls to bring cold water so Domingas could be sponged off and a cool cloth could be kept on her head to take the temperature down.

Laboratory tests showed malarial germs. Still there was a chance. Injection of quinine solution would counteract the malarial activity more quickly than anything else. Once in each arm the sharp needle pierced the tender skin, and solutions of quinine were deposited in the blood stream. By two o'clock, Domingas had become delirious; her temperature was still rising. It was taking a great chance on so small a baby, but Marie felt the situation demanded the "last-resort measure," so she gave the baby another strong injection and withdrew to get a few hours' sleep before dawn.

(To be concluded)

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# CURRENT FILMS

(Continued from page 33)

finds an old lamp among the scrap metal in the junkyard. He wonders if it could have a genie in it. It most certainly has. So he and the genie go to work. What is Bill's dominant desire? To join the Army? That can be fixed. Bill did not say what army in what century, however. The genie sends him first into Washington's Army at Valley Forge. Then he is a part of the crew on Columbus' ship *Santa Maria*. He even buys Manhattan Island before he finally lands in the Marines. This is a first-rate fantasy with romance, good music, colorful costumes and a good cast.

A, YP.

**THE FIGHTING GUARDSMAN.** (Columbia) This interesting drama is based on "The Companions of Jehu," by Alexander Dumas. Roland, a French aristocrat in disguise, is the jehu. He hates the tyranny of Louis XVI and fights for democracy. Roland organizes the people and leads them in raids upon the King's mail coaches. Roland and his men want to force Louis to grant France a constitution, but fail. The fight for freedom culminates in the French Revolution. The photography of the beautiful countryside, the duels, the costuming, the contrast between peasants and royalty, and the social implications in the story make this an exciting film to see.

A, YP

**TWICE BLESSED.** (MGM) One of our previewers wrote that she could not imagine recommending this film, but others of our committee thought it was an amusing social drama. The story idea is original and worthwhile. Beautiful identical twin daughters were reared by divorced parents who separated because they could not agree on child-rearing methods. The film gives added proof that children need both parents.

## Second Raters:

**Rockin' in the Rockies.** (Columbia) Picture is boring and monotonous rather than humorous. **A. Wife Decoy.** (Columbia) Very silly. **F. Pistol Packing Nitwits.** (Columbia) Very stupid. Only the very, very young could see any comedy in this film. **YP. Rhythm Round-Up** (Columbia) Slapstick. Young people might like some of the music. It has plenty of rhythm. **YP. Both Barrels Blazing** (Columbia) Mediocre and boring and valueless. **A, YP. I'll Tell The World.** (Universal) It may give a laugh or two. **A. Along Came Jones.** (RKO) This picture fails to sustain the interest. **A. Don Juan Quilligan.** (20th Cent.-Fox) Tiresome. **F.**

## Definitely Not Commended:

**The Naughty Nineties.** Bud Abbott, Lou Costello. (Universal) Drinking and gambling.

## Previously Recommended:

The Three Caballeros **F**, National Velvet **F**, Sunday Dinner for a Soldier **F**, Roughly Speaking **F**, **YP**, God is My Copilot **F**, Colonel Blimp **A**, **YP**, Thunderhead **F**, Enchanted Cottage **F**, Picture of Dorian Gray **A**, **YP**, Gentle Annie **A**, It

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Happened in Springfield F, The Clock F, A Medal For Benny F, Son of Lassie F, Escape in the Desert A, YP, Counter-Attack A, YP, The Silver Fleet F, Back To Bataan A, YP, China's Little Devils A.

### I HAVE FOUND MY CHURCH

(Continued from page 36)

church, have done the conforming. Your letters, many of them from religious educators, have convinced me that in most Sunday schools the good far exceeds the potential harm.

What my children learn at church will of course be augmented by that which they learn at home, and it will be my responsibility to encourage the flexibility of mind I want them to develop.

In mentioning my objections to the effects of some Bible stories on the minds of children I said, perhaps, too little. I did not explain that those of my children who are old enough know many of the Bible stories just as they know "Mother Goose" and the traditional childhood classics. They have accepted them as stories. My quarrel is not with their knowledge of such stories, but with their understanding of them. I ask only that their religious instructors respect their capacity for distinguishing allegory from fact.

Although most of you agreed that children should not be taught to fear Satan, hell and damnation, the majority of your letters insisted that children be cautioned about sin. You observed that since they see it all around them, they should be warned about its dangers.

So long as sin is spelled with small letters and used interchangeably with such words as misdeed, misdemeanor, disobedience, etc., I can see no objection to its being included in their vocabulary. They are well aware that intentional wrongdoing must be punished. They must never feel, however, that sin is a mysterious force over which they have little or no control. As one letter said, "You don't like that word 'sin'. Neither do I like it. But it means missing the mark, and I want a church that helps folks to hit the mark of their finest aims." (Rev. Andrew A. Burkhardt, Whitehouse Station, N. J.)

For the present my own church affiliation will consist of supporting the church my children are attending, plus a "membership in absentia" in the many churches throughout the country which have invited me to share their fellowship, and a closer association with all the churches in my community. I should like to feel that my contribution to the church might be to assist, in a small way, in fostering cooperation among all churches. I firmly believe that only through such cooperation, not only among churches but among all human institutions, can peace on earth be restored. One of my correspondents (Rev. John A. Reed,

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## Poor Digestion? Headachy? Sour or Upset? Tired-Listless?

Do you feel headachy and upset due to poorly digested food? To feel cheerful and happy again your food must be digested properly.

Each day, Nature must produce about two pints of a vital digestive juice to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested—leaving you headachy and irritable.

Therefore, you must increase the flow of this digestive juice. Carter's Little Liver Pills increase this flow quickly—often in as little as 30 minutes. And, you're on the road to feeling better.

Don't depend on artificial aids to counteract indigestion—when Carter's Little Liver Pills aid digestion after Nature's own order. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills as directed. Get them at any drugstore. Only 25c.

**FAST RELIEF FOR PAIN**

Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills can bring prompt relief for Headache, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Pains or Functional Monthly Pains. They do not upset the stomach and they taste good. Have you tried them? 25 tablets 25c; 125 tablets \$1.00. Caution: read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

**DR. MILES Anti-Pain Pills**

## Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co. 462 Niagara St. Buffalo 1, N. Y.

**COLOR YOUR HAIR THE MODERN WAY**

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with SHAMPO-KOLOR, quickly, easily, yourself, at home. Any shade, close to scalp. No dyed look. Will not rub off. Permits perm. wavy. No experience needed. Caution: Use only as directed on label. Free Book. Vaillany Prod. Inc., Dpt. 76-R, 254 W. 31 St., N. Y.

## Now She Shops "Cash And Carry" Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## Old Age Policy Pays up to \$100 a Month!

**Needed Protection, Ages 65 to 85, Costs Only 1 Cent a Day**

The Postal Life & Casualty Insurance Company, 4658 Postal Life Building, Kansas City 2, Mo., has a new accident policy for men and women of ages 65 to 85.

It pays up to \$500 if killed, up to \$100 a month for disability, new surgical benefits, up to \$100 a month for hospital care and other benefits that so many older people have wanted.

And the cost is only 1 cent a day—\$3.65 a year!

Postal pays claims promptly; more than one quarter million people have bought Postal policies. This special policy for older people is proving especially attractive. No medical examination—no agents will call.

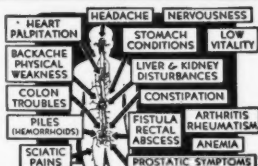
**SEND NO MONEY NOW.** Just write us your name, address and age—the name, address and relationship of your beneficiary—and we will send a policy for 10 days' **FREE INSPECTION.** No obligation. Write today.

## SELL "PETITE PICTURE NOTES"

Something really different in greeting cards. Also 25 for \$1. Imprinted Christmas folders—up to 100% profit. Box assortments and personalized soap. **DUNBAR CARDS, New Brunswick 9, N. J.**

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## Piles Facts—FREE New Book Explains Dangers



Write today—for a 40-page **FREE BOOK** about Piles, Fistula and other rectal and colon disorders. Thornton & Minor Clinic, Suite 902, 926 McGee, Kansas City, Mo.

## DO YOU

WANT a permanent business profession of your own? Then become a foot corrector. Earnings of men and women in this greatly needed profession run as high as \$50-\$100, weekly after a few weeks home training—no medical or chiropody—easy terms, no further capital needed, no goods to buy. 50th year. Write for free booklet. **Sophism System of Foot Correction, 79 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.**

## FALSE TEETH FIT TIGHT with Dentyte

Softening DENTYTE by warming—spread it on your plate—put in mouth and bite to make a perfect impression. Remove plate—and allow few minutes to "set." You get an absolutely perfect fit. Sore gums vanish—no more slipping or loose teeth. DENTYTE is firm but resilient. For both Uppers and Lower. Each lining lasts for months. Immediately removable with fingers. Full size jar—(a year's undreamed of comfort per plate), postpaid only \$1. Send dollar bill at our risk. Easy to order. Easy to use. **Unconditionally Guaranteed.**

Dental Products Corp. Dept. H-55 Manheim, Pa.

Bloomfield, N. J.) understood my feeling when he said, "I believe you would (like to) lead youth to experience Christlike actions among Catholic, Protestant and Jew, between white and black, between Church and industry, and between Church and government." I would!

It is a great comfort to know that I can call on my pastors in time of conflict. They have offered their services and I shall avail myself of their counsel. They have already helped immeasurably by letting me know that I am not alone on my journey.

"You have the privilege of walking in the paths of the Great Reformers. They too questioned the ecclesiastical creeds of their day. Their pioneering opened pathways for persons like yourself," wrote Dr. Luchs.

Their explanations of progressive revelation have opened to me a new avenue of thought and wonder. To many men living today, even the earliest portions of the Bible would present a code of behavior far superior to those under which they have been living. An authority based on justice, even though lacking in mercy, is a far cry from the authority which dominates a large portion of our world. And while justice is all some dare to hope for, others who try to follow the commandment, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," are longing for a world in which mercy and understanding will temper that justice. Can this be the present-day manifestation of the principle of progressive revelation?

Would it be possible to carry the analogy a bit farther and apply it to the motives which guide men's actions? Some do what they feel is right because they fear hell; others, because they believe it will lead them to heaven; and still others do what they feel is right because they believe in virtue for its own sake, regardless of punishment or reward.

I wish I could say that in finding my place in the church, I have lost all doubt and indecision, but of course it isn't that simple. My struggle is just beginning. The vital religious experience to which so many of you referred has not yet come my way. But a glorious human experience, which I feel few people have been privileged to enjoy, has been mine. That experience was the opportunity of seeing, through your letters, the great Christian heart in all its magnificence.

Though I have not yet found that which I seek above all else, I have found abundant good; and I shall try to follow the wisdom of the minister (Rev. Fred Smith, Leavenworth, Kan.) who told me of his way of spelling that word—he simply drops the extra o.

Perhaps I can then learn to transpose the phrase "God is good," and come to understand that all that is good and true and just is, indeed, but part of the God for whom I seek.

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## RUG MAGIC by OLSON

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**It's All So Easy!** Materials are picked up at your door by Freight or Express and shipped at our expense to the Olson Factory. We do the rest.

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This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 14 years. Benj. M. Bogue, Dept. 2376, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

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**REMNANT SHOP, Box 292-J, SESSER, ILLINOIS**



## Someone HAS FORGOTTEN THEM!

DID you send in your contribution to Mont Lawn yet? Some one upon whom we counted has failed to remember for we have invited more children to Mont Lawn than we should according to the contributions received to date. There are still two weeks and two hundred children waiting to be sent to the country. They have been waiting through the hot summer days being sure we would not fail them. They have talked of little else for two weeks in the country means something to them.

Have you considered what it means? 14 days of lots of good food, 14 days of fun where it is cool and clean, 14 days away from everything that poverty means.

Of course the children do not figure it that way. All they can think of is going to the country for two weeks and then they start dreaming of all the things they hope will happen. Perhaps you cannot afford to pay for two weeks this summer—it costs ten dollars, you know; but you can spare something. Rush your contribution to us today. We and the children are depending on you.

**Remember every penny helps.**

Christian Herald Children's Home  
419 Fourth Ave., New York 16

Please don't disappoint one child. Here is contribution .....

Name .....

Address .....

# Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

## The Sermon Dept.

● Dr. Ralph W. Sockman has more CHRISTIAN HERALD friends than he could ever possibly meet. His first monthly sermon appeared in the December, 1941 issue, and he has been adding fans ever since. So it is with a distinct wrench in the region of the heart that we announce a change of policy in this department, offering henceforth a sermon by a different preacher every month.

"Only a fool," says one of our dearest friends and severest critics, "changes horses in the middle of the stream." Making a change in the sermon department does seem a bit like that, especially when we realize that Dr. Sockman's manuscript was one of the very few coming into this office month after month, which could have been sent right out to the printer without one touch of an editorial pencil. Any editor hates to lose a writer like that!

The change is being made for only one reason: We feel that you folks in the Middle West and down South and out on the Pacific Coast should be hearing, every now and then, from some of the pulpit "greats" in your own territory. Dr. Sockman himself was the first to understand that; he even suggested it to us, over a year ago. He's like that!

We may be hearing from him occasionally, by way of a sermon or an article. We hope so. Meanwhile—Godspeed to one of the greatest preachers and finest characters in America!

First preacher (this month) under the new arrangement is the renowned Dr. Frederick K. Stamm, pastor of Chicago's equally renowned First Congregational Church. See page 28.

## "Come Out and Be Ye Separate"

Dear Editor:

From your comment in the June issue, that you still didn't know what it meant to "come out and be ye separate," I doubt if you have ever learned to use the concordance at the back of most Bibles, or the marginal references which help the point. You might look up enemy, transgressor, liar, separate, creature, people, etc. . . . I know, the Bible is of no private

interpretation, but as it was written by inspired men of God, so it is being revealed to men who are willing to "come out and be ye separate." Yes, it's the Jehovah's Witnesses who are really man's best friend . . . Your magazine is definitely of the world.  
Fair Oaks, Cal. Mrs. J. Steinwand

## Another "Regiment"

● To our sanctum comes copies of a resolution and a declaration of war from a large group of men and women in the churches, D.A.R., Blue Star Mothers, North Star Grange, etc., of Ashtabula and Geneva, Ohio, in re our new Motion Picture Council of Protestant Women. The signers of the resolution (208 of them!) declare that they stand "wholeheartedly behind the CHRISTIAN HERALD" in our call for a militant Protestant voice on the movies; they call for "clean, wholesome, inspirational" pictures which will elevate the living standards of America, and not lower them.

This is the latest of several such groups forming their own "regiments" in the battle. We love it! This is exactly what we wanted to happen, and it's happening. Drop us a line if it is happening in your community.

## All One Body, We

Dear Editor:

Your article, "All One Body We," in the June issue . . . has met with much approval from the servicemen with whom I have discussed its challenging idea. As a chaplain, I am convinced that Christian men and women in the armed services are ready for a move in that direction . . . I do not know what sort of reaction you will receive from civilian groups, but I feel that there is a vast congregation worshipping in Army and Navy chapels who will follow your line of thought with sincere approval, and when discharged from the services they will enthusiastically support the movement to unify the Christian forces in their communities. "Divide and conquer" was Protestantism's curse long before Hitler adopted its strategy. In issuing a call for "One World" and a Church of "One Body," you are sounding the note most needed at this critical hour. Ferrency do Christians in the uniform proclaim "Amen!"

Capt. Williston Wirt  
Marana, Arizona Chaplain U. S. Army  
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